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To My Mother.

BY MONS. AMADIE.

When on the dry and arid field,
The soldier takes his weary way,
Fainting beneath the toilsome march
Of all the long and weary day,

How grateful to his aching sight
The verdant foliage of some tree,
Through whose green branches murmureth
A gentle music, like the sea.

Dear mother! when on life's dark waste,
Torn by each wild, fierce passion's breath;
When nought remains but woe and tears,
And mournful thoughts of death;

The memory of thy kindly smile,
Of each soft, gentle tone,
Tells me that I have still one friend—
That I'm not all alone!

INTERESTING SCENES

From the Notes of a Celebrated Physician.

CONCLUDED.

A day or two after this interview I brought them the intelligence I had seen in the newspapers, of Mrs. Hillary's death. As they lay awake that night, in melancholy converse, it suddenly occurred to Mrs. Elliott that the event might afford them a last chance of regaining her father's affections, and they determined to seize the opportunity of appealing to his feelings, when they were soothed by his recent bereavement. The next morning, the wretched couple set out on their dreary pilgrimage to — Square; it being agreed that he should accompany her to within a door or two of her father's house, and there await the issue of her visit. With slow and trembling steps, having relinquished his arm, she approached the dreaded house, whose large windows were closed from the top to the bottom.

"What do you want, young woman," inquired a servant from the area.
"I wish to see Joseph; is he at home?" she replied, in so faint a voice that the only word audible in the area was that of Joseph, the porter, who had entered into her father's service, in that capacity, two or three years before her marriage. In a few moments Joseph made his appearance.
"Joseph! Joseph! I'm very ill," she murmured; "let me sit in your chair for a moment."
"Lord have mercy on me; my young mistress!" exclaimed Joseph, casting a hurried look behind him, as if terrified at being seen in conversation with her; and then, hastily stepping forward, he caught her in his arms, for she had fainted. He placed her in his great covered chair, and called one of the female servants, who loosened her bonnet string, and, after a few minutes, she uttered a deep sigh, and her consciousness returned.

"Don't hurry yourself, miss—ma'am, I mean," stammered the porter, in a low tone; "you can stay here a little while; I don't think any one's stirring but us servants: you see, ma'am, though I suppose you know—my poor mistress—" She shook her head, and sobbed.

"Yes, Joseph, I know it! Did she—did she die easily?" inquired Mrs. Elliott, in a faint whisper, grasping his hand.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, in a low tone.

"And my—my father, how does he?"

"Why he takes on about it, ma'am, certainly; but, you see, he's been so long expecting it."

"Do you think, Joseph," said Mrs. Elliott, hardly able to make herself heard, "that—that my father would be very—very angry if he knew I was here; would he—see me?"

"Lord, ma'am!" exclaimed the porter, alarm over-spreading his features; "it's not possible. You can't think how stern he is. You should have heard what orders he gave us all, about keeping you out of the house. I know 'tis a dreadful hard case, ma'am," he continued, wiping a tear from his eye, "and many and many's the time we've all cried in the kitchen about—hush!" he stopped, and looked toward the stairs apprehensively; "never mind, ma'am, it's nobody! But won't you come down and sit in the house-keeper's room?"

"No, Joseph," replied Mrs. Elliott, with as much energy

as her weakness would admit of, "I will wait outside the street door, while you go and get this letter taken up stairs, and say I am waiting for an answer!" He took the letter, held it in his hand hesitatingly, and shook his head.

"Oh, take it, good Joseph," said Mrs. Elliott, with a look that would have softened a heart of stone; "it is only to ask for mourning for my mother. I have not money to purchase any!" His eyes filled with tears.

"My poor, dear young mistress," he faltered; his lip quivered, and he paused. "It's more than my place is worth, but I'll take it, nevertheless; that I will, come what will, ma'am."

Mrs. Elliott's heart beat fast, after she had waited for some minutes in agonizing anxiety and suspense, as she heard the footsteps of Joseph hastily descending the stairs.

"Well, Joseph," she whispered, looking eagerly at him. "I can't get to see master, ma'am, though I've tried; I have, indeed, ma'am!"

"Farewell, Joseph! You have been very kind," said she, rising, and, moving slowly toward the door, she quitted the house with a firmer step than she had entered it.

Scarce £20 now remained of the £600 with which they were married; his wife's little earnings were to be, of course, for a while suspended; he was prohibited, at the peril of blindness, from the only species of employment he could obtain; the last ray of hope concerning Hillary's reconciliation was extinguished; and all this, when their expenses were on the eve of being doubled or trebled.

During his absence the next morning at the ophthalmic infirmary, whither, at my desire, he went, twice a week, to receive the advice of Mr. —, the eminent oculist, I called and seized the opportunity of placing in Mrs. Elliott's hands, with unspeakable satisfaction, the sum of £40, which my good wife had chiefly collected among her friends; and as Mrs. Elliott read, or rather attempted to read, for her eyes were filled with tears, the affectionate note written to her by my wife, who begged that she would send her little boy to our house till she should have recovered from her confinement, she clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, "Has not God heard my prayers! Dearest Doctor, Heaven will reward you! What news for my poor, heart-broken husband, when he returns home from the infirmary, weary and disheartened!"

"And now, doctor, shall I confide to you a plan I have formed?" said Mrs. Elliott, looking earnestly at me. "Don't try to persuade me against putting it into practice; for my mind is made up, and nothing can turn me from my purpose." I looked at her with surprise. "You know we have but this one room and the little closet—for what else is it?—where we sleep; and where must my husband and child be when I am confined? Besides, we can not, even with all your noble kindness to us, afford to have proper, the most ordinary, attendance." She paused; I listened anxiously.

"So—I've been thinking—could you not?"—she hesitated as if struggling with violent emotion—"could you not get me admitted?"—her voice trembled—"into—the lying-in hospital?" I shook my head, unable, at the moment, to find utterance.

"It has cost me a struggle; Providence seems, however, to have led me to the thought. I shall there be no expense to my husband, and shall have, I understand, excellent attendance."

"My poor, dear madam," I faltered, "you must forgive me, but I can not bear to think of it." In spite of my struggles, the swelling tears at length burst from my laden eyes. She buried her face in her handkerchief, and wept bitterly. "My husband can hear of me, every day, and, with God's blessing upon us, perhaps in a month's time we may both meet in better health and spirits. And if—if—it would not inconvenience Mrs. — or yourself to let my little Henry?"—she could get no further, and burst again into a fit of passionate weeping.

On the Friday morning, about half an hour after her husband had set out for the ophthalmic infirmary, as usual, a hackney coach drew up to the door of his lodging, with a female attendant, sent by my directions, from the lying-in hospital. I also made my appearance within a few minutes of the arrival of the coach.

When her agitation had somewhat subsided, she left the room—perhaps, she felt, *forever*—entered into the coach, and was soon safely lodged in the lying-in hospital.

I called in the evening, according to the promise I had made to Mrs. Elliott, on her husband, to see how he bore the discovery of his wife's sudden departure.

"How is Mr. Elliott?" I inquired of the woman of the house, who opened the door. "Is he at home?"

"Why yes; but he's in a sad way, sir, indeed, about Mrs. Elliott's going. He's eaten nothing all day." He was sitting at a table when I entered.

"Oh, doctor, is not this worse than death?" he exclaimed. "Am I not left alone to be the prey of Satan?"

"Come, come, Mr. Elliott, moderate your feelings. Learn the lesson your incomparable wife has taught you—patience and resignation."

"It is a heavenly lesson. But can a fiend learn it?" he replied, vehemently, in a tone and with an air that quite startled me. "Here I am left alone by God and man, to be the sport of devils, and I am! What curse is there that has not fallen, or is falling, upon me? I have been to the place where she is, but I dared not go in to see her. Oh, doctor! will she be taken care of?" suddenly seizing my hand with convulsive energy."

"The very greatest care will be taken of her; the greatest skill in London will be instantly at her command in case of the slightest necessity for it."

Mrs. Elliott was taken ill on Sunday, about midnight; and, after a somewhat severe and protracted labor, was delivered, on Monday evening, of a child that died a few minutes after its birth.

About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a violent ringing of the bell, and knocking at the door; and, on hastily looking out of the bedroom window, there was Mr. Elliott.

"What is the matter there?" I inquired. "Is it you, Mr. Elliott?"

"Oh, doctor, doctor, for God's sake come. My wife, my wife! She's dying; they have told me so! Come, doctor, oh come!"

On reaching the hospital, I found that there existed but too much ground for apprehension; for about two o'clock very alarming symptoms of profuse hemorrhage made their appearance; and when I reached her bedside, a little after four o'clock, I saw, in common with the experienced resident accoucheur, who was also present, that her life was indeed trembling in the balance. While I sat watching her snowy inanimate countenance, a tap on my shoulder from one of the female attendants attracted my eye to the door, where the chief matron of the establishment was standing. She beckoned me out of the room, and I noiselessly stepped out after her.

"The husband of this poor lady," said Mrs. —, "is in a dreadful state, doctor, in the street."

I hastened down stairs, and stepped quickly across the yard. My heart yearned toward the poor distracted being who stood outside the iron gates, with his arms stretched toward me through the bars.

"Oh, say, is she alive? Is she alive?" he cried, with a lamentable voice.

"She is, Mr. Elliott; but really—"

"Oh, is she alive? Are you telling me truly? Is she indeed alive?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Elliott; but if you don't cease to make such a dreadful disturbance, your voice may reach her ear, and that would be instant death—indeed it would."

"I will, I will; but is she indeed alive? Don't deceive me."

"This is the way he's been going on all night," whispered the watchman, who had just stepped up.

"Mr. Elliott, I tell you truly, in the name of God, your wife is living, and I have not given up hope of her recovery."

"Oh, Mary! Mary! Mary! Oh, come to me, my Mary! You said that you would, return to me!"

"Hush! I better take him away, sir?" said the watchman. "The porter says he'll be awakening all the women in the hospital; shall I?"

"Let me stay, let me stay! I'll give you all I have in the world! I'll give you forty pounds; I will, I will," cried the unfortunate husband, clinging to the bars, and looking imploringly at me.

"Do not interfere; do not touch him, sir," said I to the watchman.

"Thank you! God bless you!" gasped the wretched sufferer, extending his hands toward mine, and wringing them convulsively; then turning to the watchman, he added, in a low tone, the most piteous I ever heard, "Don't take me away! My wife is here; she's dying; I can't go away; but I'll not make any more noise! Hush! hush! there is some one coming!" A person approached from within the building, and, whispering a few hurried words in my ear, retired. "Mr. Elliott, shake hands with me," said I, "Mrs. Elliott is reviving! I told you I had hope. The accoucheur has this instant sent me word that he thinks the case has taken a favorable turn." He sank down suddenly on his knees, in silence; then grasped my hands through the bars, and shook them convulsively. He then, in the fervor of his frantic feeling, turned to the watchman, grasped his hands, and shook them.

"Hush! hush!" he gasped; "don't speak, it will disturb her! A single sound may kill her. Ah!"—he looked with agonized apprehension at the mail coach, which, that moment, rattled loudly by.

For three days Mrs. Elliott continued in the most critical circumstances, during which her husband was almost every other hour at the hospital, and at length so wearied every one with his anxious and incessant inquiries, that they would hardly give him civil answers any longer. Had I not twice bled him with my own hand, and myself administered to him soothing and lowering medicines, he would certainly, I think, have gone raving mad. On the fifth day Mrs. Elliott was pronounced out of danger.

Friday. This morning my wife called, at my suggestion, to see Mrs. Elliott, accompanied by her little boy, whom I had perceived she was pining to see.

"My little Harry!" exclaimed a low, soft voice, as my

wife and child were silently ushered into the room where lay Mrs. Elliott, wasted almost to a shadow, her face and hands, said my wife, white as the lily. "Come, love, kiss me!" she faintly murmured; and my wife brought the child to the bedside.

"Let me see his face," she whispered.

She gazed tenderly at him for some minutes; the child looking first at her, and then at my wife, with mingled fear and surprise.

"How like his father!" she murmured; "kiss me again, love! Don't be afraid of your poor mother, Harry!" Her eyes filled with tears. "Am I so altered?" said she to my wife, who stammered yes and no in one breath.

"Has he been a good boy?"

"Very, very," replied my wife, turning aside her head, unable for a moment to look either mother or son in the face. Mrs. Elliott perceived my wife's emotion, and her chill fingers gently grasped her hand.

"Does he say his prayers? You've not forgotten that, Henry?"

The child, whose little breast was beginning to heave, shook his head, and lisped a faint, "No, mamma."

"God bless thee, my darling!" exclaimed the mother, in a low tone, closing her eyes. "He will not desert thee, nor thy parents! He feels the young ravens when they cry!"

At this moment I made my appearance, having called, in passing, to pay a visit to Mrs. Elliott; but hearing how much her late interview had overcome her, I left, taking my wife and little Elliott—still sobbing—with me, and promised to look in, if possible, in the evening. I did so, accordingly. She expressed herself very grateful to me for the care we had taken of her child; and how like he grows to his poor father!" she added. "Oh, doctor, when may I see him? Do, dear doctor, let us meet, if it be but for a moment! Oh, how I long to see him! I will not be agitated. It will do me more good than all the medicine in this building!"

"In a few days' time, my dear madam, I assure you—"

"Why not to-morrow? Oh, if you knew the good that one look of his would do me; he does not look ill?" she inquired, suddenly.

"He—he looks certainly rather harassed, on your account; but in other respects, he is—"

Her looks, her tender, murmuring voice, overcame me; and I promised to bring Mr. Elliott with me some time on the morrow. I bade her good night.

"Remember, doctor!" she whispered, as I rose to go.

"I will," said I, and quitted the room, already almost repenting of the rash promise I had made. But who could have resisted her?

Saturday. I was preparing to pay some early visits to distant patients, when my servant brought me a handful of letters, which had at that moment been left by the two-penny postman. I was going to cram them all into my pocket, and read them in the carriage, when my eye was attracted by one of them, much larger than the rest, sealed with a black seal, and the address in Elliott's handwriting. I instantly resumed my seat, and placing the other letters in my pocket, proceeded to break the seal with some trepidation, which increased to a sickening degree when four letters fell out—all of them sealed with black, and in Elliott's handwriting, and addressed respectively to "Jacob Hillary, Esq.," "Mrs. Elliott," "Henry Elliott," and "Dr. —" (myself). I sat for a minute or two with this terrible array before me, scarce daring to breathe. With trembling hands I opened the letter which was addressed to me and read with infinite consternation as follows:

"When you are reading these few lines, kind doctor, I shall be sweetly sleeping the sleep of death. All will be over; there will be one wretch less upon the earth."

"I felt blindness—the last curse—descending upon me; blindness and beggary. I saw my wife broken-hearted. Nothing but misery and starvation before her and her child."

"Oh, has she not loved me with a noble love! Grievous has been the misery she has borne for my sake. I thought, in marrying her, that I might have overcome the difficulties which threatened us; but He ordered otherwise, and it has been in vain for me to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrow."

"Why did I leave life? Because I know, as if a voice from Heaven had told me, that my death will reconcile Mary and her father. It is me alone whom he hates, and her only on my account. When I shall be gone, he will receive her to his arms, and she and my son will be happy."

"I entreat you, as in the name of the dead—it is a voice from the grave—to be yourself the bearer of this news to Mary, when, and as you may think fit. Give her this letter, and also give, yourself, to Mr. Hillary, the letter which bears his dreadful name upon it."

"Now I have done. I am calm; the bitterness of death is past. Farewell! The grave, the darkness of death is upon my soul, but I have no fear. To-night, before this candle shall have burned out, at midnight—Oh, Mary! Henry! shall we ever meet again!" H. E."

I read this letter over half a dozen times, for every paragraph pushed the preceding one out of my memory.

As soon as I had recovered the shock occasioned by the perusal of these letters, I folded them all up, stepped hastily into my carriage, and postponing all my other visits, drove off direct to the lodging of Mr. Elliott. The woman of the house was standing at the door.

"Where is Mr. Elliott?" I inquired, leaping out of the carriage.

"That's what we want to know, sir," replied the woman, very pale. "He must have gone out very late last night, sir, and hasn't been back since."

"Did you observe anything particular in his appearance last night?" I inquired.

"Yes sir, very strange like! And about eight or nine o'clock he comes to the top of the stairs, and calls out, 'Mrs. —, did you hear that noise? didn't you see something?' 'Lud, sir,' said I, in a taking, he spoke so sudden, 'no, there wasn't any sound, whatsoever!' so he went into his room, and shut the door, and I never seed him since."

I hastened to his room. A candlestick, its candle burned down to the socket, stood on the little table, together with a pen or two, ink, black wax, and a sheet of paper.

The room was apparently just as its unfortunate and frantic occupant had quitted it. I opened the table drawer; it was full of paper, which had been covered with writing, and was now torn into small fragments. One half sheet was left, full of strange, incoherent expressions, apparently forming part of a prayer, and evincing, alas, how fearfully the writer's reason was disturbed. But where was poor Elliott? What mode of death had he selected?

The first paragraph that fell under my hurried eye, in scanning over the paper of Monday, was the following:

"On Saturday, about eight o'clock in the morning, some laborers discovered the body of a man of respectable appearance, apparently about thirty years old, floating, without a hat, in the New River. It was immediately taken out of the water, but life seemed to have been for some hours extinct. One or two letters were found upon his person, but the writing was too much spread and blotted with the water to afford any clue to the identity of the unfortunate person. The body lies at the Red Boar public house where a coroner's inquest is summoned for to-day, at 12 o'clock."

I drove off to the place mentioned in the paragraph, and arrived there just as the jury was assembling.

Here lay the husband of Mrs. Elliott; the fond object of her unconquerable love! This was he to whom she had written so tenderly on quitting him! Here lay he whom she had so sweetly consoled by almost daily messages though me! This was the father of that sweet boy who sat at my table only that morning! This—wretch! monster! fiend!—this is the body of him you slung, on an infamous charge, into the dungeons of Newgate! This is the figure of him that shall HEREAFTER—

I could bear it no longer, and rushed from the room in an agony! After drinking a glass of water, I recovered my self possession sufficiently to make my appearance in the jury room.

After directing the immediate removal of the body to the house where Mr. Elliott had lodged—the scene of so many agonies—of such intense and undeserved misery—I drove off.

"Is Mr. Hillary at home?" I inquired, stepping hurriedly from my carriage, with the fearful letter in my hand.

"He is, sir," said the man, with a flurried air; "but—he—he—does not receive company, sir, since my mistress's death."

"Take my card to him, sir. My name is Dr. —! I must see Mr. Hillary instantly."

I waited in the hall for a few moments, and then received a message requesting me to walk into the back drawing-room.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you, Mr. Hillary, especially after the unpleasant manner in which our acquaintance was terminated; but—I have a dreadful duty to perform," pointing to the letter I held, and turning toward him its black seal. He saw it. He seemed rather startled or alarmed; motioned me, with a quick, anxious bow, to take a seat, and resumed his own.

"Will you read this letter, sir?" said I, handing it to him. He took it into his hand; looked first at the direction, then at the seal, and lastly at me, in silence.

"Do you know that handwriting, sir?" I inquired. He stammered an answer in the negative.

"Look at it, sir, again. You ought to know it; you must know it well." He laid down the letter; fumbled in his waistcoat pocket for his glasses; placed them with infinite trepidation upon his forehead, and again took the letter into his hands, which shook violently; and his sight was so confused with agitation that I saw he could make nothing of it.

"It seems—it appears to be—a man's hand, sir. Whose is it? What is it about? What's the matter?" he exclaimed, looking at me over his glasses with a frightened stare.

"I have attended, sir, a coroner's inquest this morning—the letter dropped instantly from Mr. Hillary's shaking hand upon the floor; his lips slowly opened."

"The writer of that letter, sir, was found drowned on Saturday last," I continued slowly, looking steadfastly at him, and feeling myself grow paler every moment. "This day I saw the body stretched upon a shutter at an inn. Oh, those dreadful eyes; that hair matted and muddy; those clinched hands! Horror filled my soul as I looked at this, and thought of you!"

His lips moved, he uttered a few unintelligible sounds, and his face, suddenly bedewed with perspiration, assumed one of the most ghastly expressions that a human countenance could exhibit. I remained silent, nor did he speak;

but the big drops rolled from his forehead and fell upon the floor.

"You had better read the letter, sir," said I, with a deep sigh; his eyes remained riveted on me.

"I—I—I—can not, sir," he stammered. A long pause ensued. "If—she—had but called," he gasped, "but once—or sent—after her—her mother's death—" and, with a long groan, he leaned forward and fell against me.

"She did call, sir. She came the day after her mother's death," said I, shaking my head sorrowfully.

"No, she didn't," he replied, suddenly looking at me with a stupefied air.

"Then her visit was cruelly concealed from you, sir. Poor creature! I know she called."

He rose slowly from the prostrate posture in which he had remained for the last few moments, clinched his trembling fists, and shook them with impotent anger. "Who—who," he muttered, "who dared—I—I—I'll ring the bell. I'll have all the—"

"Would you have really received her, then, sir, if you had known of her calling?"

His lips moved, he attempted in vain to utter an answer, and sobbed violently, covering his face with his hands.

"Come, Mr. Hillary, I see," said I, in a somewhat milder manner, "that the feelings of a FATHER are not utterly extinguished;" he burst into vehement weeping; "and I hope that—that you may live to repent the frightful wrongs you have done; to redress the wrongs you have committed! Your poor persecuted daughter, Mr. Hillary, is not dead." He uttered a sudden sharp cry that alarmed me; he grasped my hands, and, carrying them to his lips, kissed them in a kind of ecstasy.

"Tell me—say plainly—only say—that Mary is alive!"

"Well, then, sir, your daughter is alive, but—" He fell upon his knees, and groaned, "Oh, God, I thank thee! I thank thee! How I thank thee!"

I waited till he had in some measure recovered from the ecstasy of emotion into which my words had thrown him, and assisted in loosening his shirt-collar and neck-handkerchief, which seemed to oppress him.

"Who, then," he stammered, "who was found drowned—the coroner's inquest—"

"Her poor broken-hearted husband, sir, who will be buried at my expense in a day or two."

He covered his face again with his hands, and cried bitterly.

"This letter was written by him to you, sir; and he sent it to me only a few hours, it seems, before he destroyed himself, and commissioned me to deliver it to you. Is not his blood, sir, lying at your door?"

"Oh, Lord, have mercy on me! Lord, Christ, forgive me! Lord, forgive a guilty old sinner," he groaned, sinking again on his knees, and wringing his hands. "I—I AM his murderer! I feel, I know it!"

"Shall I read to you, sir, his last words?" said I.

"Yes; but they'll choke me. I can't bear them." He sank back exhausted upon the sofa. I took up the letter which had remained till then upon the floor, since he had dropped it from his palsied grasp, and opening it, read with faltering accents, the following:

"For your poor dear daughter's sake, sir, who is now a widow and a beggar, abandon your fierce and cruel resentment. I know that I am the guilty cause of all her misery. I have suffered and paid the full penalty of my sin! And I am, when you read this, among the dead.

"Forgive me, father of my beloved and suffering wife!—forgive me, as I forgive you, in this solemn moment, from my heart, whatever wrongs you may have done me!

"Let my death knock loudly at your heart's door, so that it may open and take in my suffering, perishing Mary; YOUR MARY, and our unoffending little one! I know it will! Heaven tells me that my sacrifice is accepted! I die full of grief, but contented in the belief that all will be well with the dear ones I leave behind me. God incline your heart to mercy! Farewell! So prays your unhappy, guilty, dying son-in-law.

"HENRY ELLIOTT."

It was a long while before my emotion, almost blinding my eyes and choking my utterance, permitted me to conclude this melancholy letter. Mr. Hillary sat all the while agnostic.

"The gallows is too good for me!" he gasped. "Oh, what a monster! what a wretch have I been! Ay, I'll surrender! I know I'm guilty! It's all my doing! I confess all! It was I, it was I put him in prison." I looked darkly at him as he uttered these last words, and I shook my head in silence.

"Ah! I see, I see you know it all! Come, then! Take me away! Away with me to Newgate. Anywhere you like. I'll plead guilty!" He attempted to rise, but sank back again into his seat.

"But—where's Mary?" he gasped.

"Alas," I replied, "she does not yet know that she is a widow! that her child is an orphan! She has herself, poor, meek soul, been lying for many days at the gates of death and even yet her fate is more than doubtful."

"Where is she? Let me know! tell me, or I shall die. Let me know where I may go and drop down at her feet, and ask her forgiveness!"

"She is in a common hospital; a lying-in-hospital, sir, where she, a few days ago, only, gave birth to a dead child, after enduring, for the whole time of her pregnancy, the greatest want and misery! She has worked her poor fingers to the bones, Mr. Hillary. She has slaved like a

common servant for her child, her husband, and herself, and yet she has hardly found bread for them!"

"Oh! stay, stay, doctor. A common hospital! my daughter—a common hospital! repeated Mr. Hillary, pressing his hand to his forehead, and staring vacantly at me.

"Yes, sir, a common hospital! where else could she go to? God be thanked, sir, for finding such resources, such places of refuge for the poor and forsaken! She fled thither to escape starvation, and to avoid eating the bread scarce sufficient for her husband and her child! I have seen her enduring such misery as would have softened the heart of a fiend! And, good God! how am I to tell her what has happened? How I shudder at the task that her dead husband has imposed upon me! What am I to say to her? Tell me, Mr. Hillary, for I am confounded, I am in despair! How shall I break to her this frightful event?" Mr. Hillary groaned. "Pray, tell me, sir," I continued with real sternness, "what am I to do? How am I to face your wretched daughter in the morning! She has been unable even to see her husband for a moment since her illness. How will she bear being told that she is NEVER to see him again? I shall be almost guilty of her murder!" I paused, greatly agitated.

"Tell her—tell her—conceal the death," he gasped; "and tell her first that all's forgiven, if she'll accept of my forgiveness, and forgive me! Tell her, be sure to tell her that my whole fortune is hers and her child's. Surely that—I will make my will afresh. Every halfpenny shall go to her and her child. It shall, so help me God!"

"Poor creature!" I exclaimed, bitterly. "Can money heal thy broken heart?" I paused. "You may relent, Mr. Hillary, and receive your unhappy daughter into your house again, but, believe me, her heart will lie in her husband's grave!"

"Doctor, doctor! you are killing me!" he exclaimed, every feature writhing under the scourings of remorse. "Tell me! only tell me what can I do more? This house, all I have, is hers, for the rest of her life. She may turn me into the streets. I'll live on bread and water, they shall roll in gold. But, oh, where is she? where is she? I'll send the carriage instantly." He rose as if intending to ring the bell.

"No, no, Mr. Hillary; she must not be disturbed! She must remain at her present abode, under the roof of charity, where she lies, sweet being! humble and grateful among her sisters in suffering!"

"I—I'll give a thousand pounds to the charity—I will. I'll give a couple of thousands, so help me God, I will. And I'll give it in the name of a repentant old sinner. Oh, I'll do every thing that a guilty wretch can do. But I must see my daughter! I must hear her blessed, innocent lips say that she forgives me."

"Pause, sir," said I, solemnly; "you know not that she will live to leave the hospital, or receive your penitent acknowledgements; that she will not die while I am telling her the horrid—"

"What! has she yet to hear of it?" he exclaimed, looking agnostic.

"I told you so, sir, some time ago."

"Oh, yes, you did, you did, but I forgot. Lord, Lord, I am going mad!" He rose feebly from the sofa, and staggered for a moment to and fro; but his knees refused their support, and he sank down again upon his seat, where he sat staring at me with a dull glassy eye while I proceeded:

"Another melancholy duty remains to be performed; I think, sir, you should see his remains."

"I see the body!" Fright flitted over his face. "Do you wish me to drop down dead beside it, sir? I see the body! It would burst out bleeding directly I got into the room, for I murdered him! Oh, God, forgive me! Oh, spare me such a sight!"

"Well, sir, since your alarm is so great, that sad sight may be spared; but there is one thing you must do"—I paused; he looked at me apprehensively—"testify your repentance, sir, by following his poor remains to the grave."

"I—I could not! It's no use frightening me thus, doctor. I—I tell you I should die, I should never return home alive. But, if you'll allow it, my carriage shall follow. I'll give orders this very night for a proper, a splendid funeral, such as is fit for—my—my son-in-law! He shall be buried in my vault. No, no, that can not be, for then—he shuddered—"I must lie beside him! But I can not go to the funeral! Lord, Lord, how the crowd would stare at me! how they would hoot me! They would tear me out of the coach. No"—he trembled—"spare me that, also, kind sir—spare me attending the funeral! I'll remain at home in my own room, in the dark, all that day, upon my knees; but I can not, nay, I will not follow him to the grave. The tolling of that bell"—his voice died away—"would kill me."

"There is yet another thing, sir. His little boy"—my voice faltered—"is living at my house; perhaps, you would refuse to see him, for he is very like his wretched father."

"Oh, bring him! bring him to me!" he murmured.—"How I will worship him! what I will do for him! But how his murdered father will always look out of his eyes at me! Oh, my God! whither shall I go? what must I do to escape? Oh, that I had died and been buried with my poor wife the other day, before I had heard of all this!"

"You would have known, you would have heard of it hereafter, sir."

"Ah! that's it! I know it, I know what you mean, and

I feel it's true. Yes, I shall be damned for what I've done. Such a wretch, how can I expect forgiveness? Oh, will you read a prayer with me? No, I'll pray myself—no."

"Pray, sir, and may your prayers be heard! And also pray that I may be able to tell safely my awful message to your daughter, that the blow may not smite her into the grave! And, lastly, sir," I added, rising and addressing him with all the emphasis and solemnity I could, "I charge you, in the name of God, to make no attempt to see your daughter, or send to her, till you see or hear from me again."

He promised to obey my injunctions, imploring me to call upon her the next day, and seizing my hand between his own with a convulsive grasp, from which I could not extricate it but with some little force. As I had never once offered a syllable of sympathy throughout our interview, so I quitted his presence coldly and sternly, while he threw himself down at full length upon the sofa; and I heard, without any emotion, his half-choked exclamation, "Lord, Lord, what is to become of me?"

The next day, about noon, I called at the lodging where Elliott's remains were lying, in order that I might make a few simple arrangements for a speedy funeral.

I chose for him, not the vault of Mr. Hillary, but a grave in the humble churchyard of—, where the poor suicide might slumber "in penitential loneliness!"

He was buried as I wished, no one attending the funeral but myself, the proprietor of the house in which he had lived at the period of his death, and the early and humble acquaintance who had attended his wedding. I had wished to carry with us as chief mourner, little Elliott, by way of fulfilling, as far as possible, the touching injunctions left by his father, but my wife dissuaded me from it. "Well, poor Elliott," said I, as I took my last look into his grave,

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

Heaven forgive the rash act which brought his days to an untimely close, and him whose cruelty and wickedness occasioned it!"

I shall not bring the reader again into the guilty and gloomy presence of Mr. Hillary. His hard heart was indeed broken by the blow that poor Elliott had struck, whose mournful prophecy was, in this respect, fulfilled. Providence decreed that the declining days of the inexorable and unnatural parent should be clouded with a wretchedness that admitted of neither intermission nor alleviation, equally destitute as he was of consolation from the past, and hope from the future!

And his daughter!—oh, disturb not the veil that has fallen over the broken-hearted!

Never again did the high and noble spirit of Mary Elliott lift itself up; for her heart lay buried in her young husband's grave; the grave dug for him by the eager and cruel hands of her father! In vain did those hands lavishly scatter about her all the splendor and luxuries of unbounded wealth; they could never divert her cold, undazzled eye from the image of him whose death had purchased them; and what could she see in her too late repentant father but his murderer?

Chide Mildly the Erring.

BY CAPT. G. W. PATTEN.

Chide mildly the erring!

Kind language endears;

Grief follows the sinful—

Add not to their tears.

Avoid with reproaches

Fresh pain to bestow;

The heart which is stricken

Needs never a blow.

Chide mildly the erring!

Jeer not at their fall;

If strength were but human

How weakly were all!

What marvel that footsteps

Should wander astray,

When tempests so shadow

Life's wearisome way!

Chide mildly the erring!

Entreat them with care—

Their natures are mortal,

They need not despair;

We all have some frailty,

We all are unwise;

And the Grace which redeems us

Must shine from the skies.

EDUCATION is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

A Battle with Bloodhounds.

It was daylight when I awoke—broad day light. My companions, all but Clayley, were already astir, and had kindled a fire with a species of wood known to Raoul, that produced hardly any smoke. They were preparing breakfast. On a limb, close by, hung the hideous, human-like carcass of an iguana, still writhing. Raoul was whetting a knife to skin it, while Lincoln was at some distance, carefully reloading his rifle. The Irishman lay upon the grass peeling bananas, and roasting them over the fire.

The iguana was soon skinned and broiled, and we commenced eating, all of us with good appetites.

"Be Saint Patrick," said Chane, "this bates frog-atin all hollow. It's little me! If dhramed in the ould sod, hearin' of thim niggars in furrin parts that I'd be turning kannybawl meself some day!"

"Don't you like it, Murtagh?" asked Raoul jocosely.

"Oh, indade yes; its better than an empty brid-basket; but if yez could only taste a small thrifle ov a Wicklow ham this mornin', and a smilin' pratie, instid of this brown soap yez—"

"Hist!" said Lincoln, startling suddenly, and holding the bite half way to his mouth.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I'll tell yer, in a minit, Cap'n." The hunter waved his hand to enjoin silence, and striding to the edge of the glade, fell flat to the ground. We had not long to wait, for he had scarce brought his ear in contact with the earth, when he sprang suddenly up again, exclaiming:

"Hounds trailin' on us, by the Eternal Powers!"

It was seldom that Lincoln uttered an oath, and when he did there was something awful in his manner. He wore a despairing look too unusual to the bold character of his features. This with the appalling statement, acted on us like a galvanic shock; and, by one impulse, we leaped from the fire, and threw ourselves flat upon the grass. Not a word was spoken, as we strained our ears to listen. At first, we could distinguish a low moaning sound, like the hum of a wild bee; it seemed to come out of the earth. After a little, it grew louder and sharper; then it ended in a yelp, and ceased altogether. After a short interval, it begun afresh, this time still clearer; and then the yelp, loud, sharp, and vengeful. There was no mistaking that sound. It was the bark of the Spanish bloodhound? We sprang up simultaneously, looking around for weapons, and then staring at each other with an expression of despair. The rifle and two case-knives were all the weapons we had.

"What's to be done?" cried one, and all eyes were turned upon Lincoln.

The hunter stood motionless, clutching his rifle and looking to the ground.

"How fur's the crick, Row!" he asked after a pause.

"Not two hundred yards; this way it lies."

"I kin see no other chance, Cap'n, then ter take the water; we may bamboozle the hounds a bit if there's good wadin'."

"Nor I." I had thought of the same plan.

"If we hed bowies, we mouter fit the dogs whar we ir; but yer see we ai'nt; an' I kin tell by the growl, thar ai'nt less nor a dozen on 'em."

"It's no use to remain here; lead us to the creek, Raoul!" and following the Frenchman, we dashed recklessly through the thicket. On reaching the stream we plunged in. It was one of those mountain torrents—common in Mexico—spots of still water, alternating with cascades, that dash and foam over shapeless masses of amygdaloidal basalt. We waded through the first pool; and then, clambering among the rocks, entered a second. This was a good stretch, a hundred yards or more, of crystal water, in which we were waist-deep. We took the bank at the lower end, on the same side; and, striking back into the timber, kept on parallel to the course of the stream. We did not go far away from the water, lest we might be pushed again to repeat the ruse.

All this time, the yelping of the bloodhounds had been ringing in our ears. Suddenly it ceased.

"They have reached the water," said Clayley.

"No," rejoined Lincoln, stopping a moment to listen, "they're a chawin' them bones."

"There, again," cried one, as their deep voices rang down the glen, in a chorus of the whole pack. The next minute, the dogs were mute a second time, speaking at intervals in a fierce growl, that told us they were at fault. Beyond an occasional bark, we heard nothing of the bloodhounds, until we had gained, at least two miles down the stream. We began to think we had baffled them in earnest, when Lincoln, who had kept in the rear, was seen to throw himself flat upon the grass. We all stopped looking at him with breathless anxiety. It was but a minute. Rising up with a reckless air, he struck his rifle fiercely upon the ground, exclaiming:

"Swamp them hounds, they're arter us agin!"

By one impulse we all rushed back to the creek; and scrambling on the rocks, plunged into the water, and commenced wading down. A sudden exclamation burst from Raoul, in the advance. We soon learnt the cause, and to our dismay—we had struck the water at a point where the stream *canoned*! On each side a frowning precipice, straight as a wall. Between these, the black torrent rushed through a channel only a few feet in width, so swiftly that had we attempted to descend by swimming, we should have been dashed to death against the rocks below. To reach the stream further down, it would be necessary to make a circuit of miles; and the hounds would be on our heels

before we could gain three hundred yards. We looked at each other, and at Lincoln—all panting and pale.

"Stumped at last!" cried the hunter, gritting his teeth with fury.

"No," I shouted, a thought at that moment flashing upon me. "Follow me, comrades. We'll fight the bloodhounds on the cliff."

I pointed upward. A yell from Lincoln announced his approval.

"Hooray!" he cried, leaping on the bank; "that idee's just like yer, Cap. Hooray! Now, boys, for the bluff."

Next moment, we were straining up the gorge that led to the precipice. And the next, we had reached the highest point, where the cliff, by a bold projection, butted over the stream. There was a level platform, covered with tufted grass, and upon this we took our stand. We stood for some moments gathering breath; and nerving ourselves for the desperate struggle.

I could not help looking over the precipice. It was a fearful sight. Below, in a vertical line two hundred feet below, the stream rushing through the canon, broke upon a bed of sharp, jagged rocks, and then glided on, in seething, snow-white foam. There was no object between the eye and the water: no jutting ledge—not even a tree, to break the fall—nothing but the spikey boulders below, and the foaming torrent that washed them! It was some minutes before our unnatural enemies made their appearance, but every howl sounded nearer and nearer. Our trail was warm, and we knew they were scenting it on a run. At length, the bushes crackled, and we could see their white breasts gleaming through the leaves. A few more springs, and the foremost bloodhound bounded out upon the bank, and throwing up his broad jaws, uttered a hideous "growl." He was at fault where we had entered the water. His comrades now dashed out of the thicket, and joining in the chorus of disappointment, scattered among the stones. An old dog—scarred and cunning—kept along the bank, until he had reached the top of the canon.

This was where we had made our crossing. Here the hound entered the channel, and springing from rock to rock, reached the point where we had dragged ourselves out of the water. A short yelp announced to his comrades that he had lifted the scent; and they all threw up their noses, and came galloping down. There was a swift current, between two boulders of basalt. We leaped this. The old dog reached it, and straining upon the spring, when Lincoln fired, and the hound, with one short "wough," dropped in upon his head, and was carried off like a flash.

"Counts one less to pitch over," said the hunter, hastily reloading his rifle.

Without appearing to notice the strange conduct of their leader, the others crossed in a string, and striking the warm trail, came yelling

up the pass. It was a grassy slope—such a often seen between two tables of a cliff—and as the dogs strained upward, we could see their white fangs, and the red blood that had baited them clotting along their jaws. Another crack from Lincoln's rifle, and the foremost hound tumbled back along the gorge.

"Two rubbed out," cried the hunter, and at the same moment, I saw him fling the rifle to the ground.

The hounds kept the trail no longer. Their quarry was before them; their howling ended, and they sprang upon us with the silence of the assassin. The next moment, we were mingled together—dogs and men—in fearful struggle of life and death! I know not how long this encounter lasted. I felt myself grappling with tawny monsters, and hurling them over the cliff. They sprang at my throat, and I threw out my arm, thrusting them fearlessly between the shining rows of teeth. Then I was free again, and seizing a leg or tail, or the loose flaps of the neck, I dragged a savage brute toward the brink, and summoning all the strength, dashed him against the brow, that he might tumble howling over. Once I lost my balance and nearly staggered over the precipice; and, at length, panting, bleeding, and exhausted, I fell to the earth. I could struggle no longer. I looked around for my comrades. Clayley and Raoul had sunk upon the grass, and lay torn and bleeding. Lincoln and Chane holding a hound, were balancing him over the bluff.

"Now, Murter," cried the hunter, "giv him a good heist, and see if we kin pitch him clar on tother side; hee-woop-hoo!"

And with this ejaculation, the kicking animal was launched into the air. I could not resist looking after. The yellow body bounded from the face of the opposite cliff, and fell, with a heavy splash into the water below. He was the last of the pack!

The Great London Fair of 1851.

This is the age of great improvements. The strife between nations now is, which shall get up shows on the most gigantic scale. Some years since, we remember an exhibition of arts and manufactures at Paris, which occupied a vast building and several acres of ground. This display probably suggested to Prince Albert the idea of a mammoth British exhibition of arts, which is intended to throw all previous spectacles, at Paris or elsewhere, quite into the shade. We perceive by the last arrival that preparations for the great exhibition in London, this year, of the arts and manufactures of all nations, are still progressing with great energy. The cost of the building to be erected for the show in Hyde Park, is rated at the lowest estimate, at about \$600,000. Not less than 250 plans were sent in from all quarters; and the one finally fixed upon is

believed to possess in the greatest degree the two capital requisites of convenience and safety.

The building itself will be a more curious sight than anything it will contain. Its sides and roof are to be constructed mainly of plate glass and iron. It is to cover 18 acres of ground, to be 100 feet high, and to contain 8 miles of tables, 1,200,000 feet of plate glass, 24 miles of gutter, and 9,000,000 pounds of iron. The original intention was to surmount the whole with a vast dome, larger than St. Paul's, but this has been abandoned on account of the expense, which would be \$70,000 additional. It is calculated that at least two millions of people, from all parts of the world, will visit the exhibition, in the course of the six months during which it will remain open, which at 25 cents, the proposed fee of admission, will yield \$500,000. This would not be a bad operation for Barnum. All the British artisans and mechanics take a lively interest in the show, and are eager for an opportunity to display the products of their skill and labor with those of other nations. Prince Albert, the projector of the scheme, devotes himself to it with a degree of application and zeal, which has called forth the public approbation of Cobden and other statesmen. Sir Robert Peel was one of its most efficacious promoters. Many of the leading statesmen and nobles of England have also heartily entered into the plan: and there is every reason to believe with such supporters, that it will be carried out on a scale not unworthy of the vastness of the design.

Liberal inducements are held out to foreigners to participate in and compete for the munificent prizes of the exhibition. Every facility is afforded for the safe conveyance of their products, and one half of the whole area, or nine acres, set apart for their exclusive use. The prizes are \$120,000 and will be awarded without distinction of country. Every nation in Europe, not excepting Turkey, is making preparation to send to the exhibition of 1851 their rarest and most elaborate specimens of art and manufacture.

Among us large preparations are making for contributions to the great show of all nations, no less a space than 80,000 square feet have been set apart for the exclusive display of Yankee notions, which is more than has been assigned to any other country except France. We should be glad to have our own countrymen bear off the palm in this honorable contest, but we fear the British in the useful, and the French for the ornamental departments, will give them a pretty hard pull. Be the result what it may, it is certain that these peaceful rivalries of the arts are the noblest which nations can engage in. They are in all respects far preferable to the sanguinary and brutal rivalries of war.

The Future of America.

This is the subject of a very interesting article in the last number of the *Revue des Deux*

Mondes, from the pen of Mr. Philarete Chasles, a distinguished writer of Paris. We extract the closing paragraphs—

"What is America to become? It is not difficult to divine it. An aggrandized Europe, and what a Europe? The space comprised between the Alleghanies, parallel to the Atlantic, and the Rocky Mountains, parallel to the Pacific, is, as it is well known, six times larger than France. If to this is added the three hundred and ninety leagues of the old States, and the new territories acquired recently from the Rocky Mountains to the sea, imagination itself is astonished at these proportions, it is the tenth of the whole globe. Thus the American does not view his country from the belfry, but in the race or society to which he belongs.

"The inhabitant of New York goes without trouble to New Orleans, and the Louisianian easily becomes acclimated in Kentucky. Provided you leave him those laws and manners which permit him free development of his American strength he is happy; he feels that he makes part of a grand organic and harmonious body. Laws, soil, country, manners, remembrances, desires, institutions, pride, passion, qualities, all are in harmony. The partial democracies of which the Union is composed are as solid and as stable as the best organized States; they have their roots in the souls of the people, and their sap in the habits of the community. Obscure yesterday, marching with a bold step in the unknown, America cares little for the present; the future is her own. One fact governs her whole life; it is expansion, activity, energy; a tendency to variety, the go-a-headism. Her moral vigor, identical in its causes and in its essences with the internal strength of Rome under the Scipios, of France under Louis XIV, of Spain under Isabella, of England since the Georges, moves in a space far more vast. The American soul, profoundly identified with the institutions of the country, desires only what can and must result from the same institutions and the national manners.

"Every where people work, live at hotels, marry young, are fond of adventures, are not much afraid of bankruptcy, or danger, or even death, and they are certain that there will always be land enough for a courageous American.

"To this vast social experiment of which the United States is the workshop, must be added the physical experiment that nature is incessantly carrying on. The rivers change their beds, Niagara is receding, the forests fall, prairies burn up, the temperature becomes by degrees milder and more temperate, the miasma which exhale from a newly stirred soil lose their morbid power, the means of subsistence increase, population doubles every twenty years, and it is yet only a preparatory work. The heroic age, the epoch of war announces itself; this strong race, which absorbs many others, is far, very far from having the Samoyedes to the Isthmus of Panama."

The Peel Family.

HOW THEY BECAME SO RICH.

Below is an interesting history of the inventions by which old Peel became the founder of a family so eminent in their country. We are inclined to think that the old lady was as hard working and industrious a person, as the grand mother of the American Minister's daughter :

Almost every person has been led to suppose, from the notices which have appeared about him that he was the descendant of some haughty house, the offspring of a lordly race. But this he is not; his great wealth was acquired by the sagacity, enterprise and ingenuity of his grandfather, and the purchase of one useful invention for a very small sum. An account of this will not be uninteresting, and it will enable us to review briefly the progress of one art, viz. calico printing. During the early part of the last century, calico printing was not known in England. This kind of goods derived the name from Calcutta, from which place they were taken to England. Among the men in England who took a lively interest in her rising manufactures, was the grandfather of Robert Peel, a small but industrious farmer of Blackburn, in Lancashire. He was the inventor of the card cylinder for carding cotton cloth—cutting his own blocks making his own colors, printing the goods, and then his wife and daughter set to work and ironed them. This was a clumsy way to finish calicoes, but it was the only way known then, and there was an abundant sale for them, however coarse their finish. But the old farmer was not satisfied with this slow process, and no doubt he was a considerate man, for he set his inventive faculties to work, and invented the mangle, which at once relieved his wife and daughters of their severe toil, and finished his goods much quicker and far better. He afterward got other machinery for finishing, kept it secret, and produced the best finished goods then in the English market, and he was soon at the head of an extensive business and possessed of great wealth, for he was prudent and economical also. His son, the father of Sir Robert, greatly assisted him, and became a very rich man. He was also a man of great ingenuity, and is accredited as the inventor of printing calicoes with the pattern engraved on a copper revolving cylinder—impressing the pattern on the cloth which is fed between it and another cylinder covered with a blanket. This was an improvement for great speed over block printing; but the styles of block printing long and successfully competed with all other kinds, and only for the successive quarrels between the printers and their employers, would still be a good and extensive business. In France block printing is still carried on quite extensively. It is stated that Sir Robert Peel's father purchased the secret of making RESIST PASTE, from a person named Grouse, for twenty-five dollars, and that

he realized fifty thousand times that sum out of it. This paste is printed on white cloth, the cloth then dyed, and afterward washed, when all those parts that have been covered with the paste appear white—the white and the blue common calico patterns.

A Night among the Alligators.

Mr. Bernal, a missionary in British Guiana, was making a little voyage on one of the rivers of South America, in company with a few native Christians, to preach in the villages.

"One evening," he writes, "we determined to stop the night at Quissaro, where there are many alligators. The Indians had shot a deer for our supper, and having prepared the animal for cooking, they left the entrails upon the sandy bank. The scent immediately drew a number of alligators to the spot; the moon shone brightly, and one might see, by the agitation on the surface of the water, how these terrific animals were amusing themselves at the bottom. After my people had gone to rest, and I lay under my tent in the canoe, I perceived a strong musky smell, apparently arising out of the water, which convinced me there were many alligators around me. All at once one of them came close to the canoe, and began to breathe above the water, which, in the silence of the night, had a very dreadful sound. I sprang from my couch, and drew my little curtain aside, to endeavor to get a sight of the animal, but he had again sunk into the tide. A few minutes after I felt the canoe move, as if something had come on board. Thinking it might be one of the alligators, I seized a cutlass that lay near me, that I might be ready, if my curtain moved, to strike a deadly blow for my life. It, however, happily occurred to me, that it might be one of my own people, and I asked, 'Who is there?' 'John,' was the answer. 'What do you want?' 'I saw,' said he, 'that there were many alligators around you, and am come to protect you.' How thankful I was that I had not used the cutlass! After I had recovered from my fright, I begged the Indian to return to his hammock, which was slung between two trees, and lay himself down to sleep: but he would not be persuaded to do so. With a spear between his legs, he sat upon the bank just before my tent, and kept watch the whole night. I fell into a sound sleep, and when I awoke in the morning, my faithful Indian was sitting in the same posture."

Lace Making.

The spinning of the fine thread used for lace making in the Netherlands, is an operation demanding so high a degree of minute care and vigilant attention, that it is impossible it can be ever taken from human hands by machinery. None but Belgian fingers are skilled in this art. The very finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in damp underground cellars, for it is

so extremely delicate, that it is liable to break by contact with the dry air above ground; and it is obtained in subterranean atmosphere; there are a number of old Belgian thread makers who, like spiders, have passed the best part of their lives spinning in cellars. This sort of occupation naturally has an injurious effect upon the health, and therefore, to induce people to follow it, they are highly paid.

To form an accurate idea of this occupation, it is necessary to see a Brabant thread spinner at her work. She carefully examines every thread, watching it closely as she draws it off the distaff; and that she may see it the more distinctly, a piece of dark blue paper is used as a background for the flax. Whenever the spinner notices any unevenness, she stops the evolution of her wheel. breaks off the faulty piece of flax, and then resumes her spinning. This fine flax being as costly as gold, the pieces thus broken off are carefully laid aside, to be used in other ways.

Notwithstanding the overwhelming supply of imitations which modern ingenuity has created, real Brussels lace has maintained its value, like the precious stones and metals. Fashion has adhered with wonderful pertinacity to the quaint old patterns of former times. A very skillful lace worker assured Mr. Kohl that they are preferred, with all their formality, to those in which the most elegant changes have been effected.

Each of the lace making towns of Belgium, excels in the production of one particular description of lace; in other words, each has its own point. Hence the terms Point de Bruxelles, Point de Malines, Point de Valenciennes, etc. In England we distinguish by the name Point, a peculiar kind of lace, formerly very fashionable, but now scarcely ever worn except in court costume. In this sort of lace, the pattern is, we believe, worked with the needle, after the ground has been worked with bobbins.

Many of the lace workers live and die in the houses in which they were born, and most of them understand and practice only the stitches which their mothers and grandmothers worked before them. The consequence is, that particular points have become unchangeably fixed in certain towns or districts. Fashion assigns to each a particular place and purpose; for example—the Point de Malines (Mechlin lace) is used chiefly for trimming night dresses, pillow cases, etc.; the Point de Valenciennes, (Valenciennes lace) is employed for ordinary wear, or *neglige*; but the more rich and costly point de Bruxelles, (Brussels lace) is reserved for bridal and ball dresses, and for the robes of queens and courtly ladies—Kohl, translated by Dickens.

It is fine

To stand upon some lofty mountain-thought
And feel the spirit stretch into the view,
The joy in what might be, if will and power
For good would work together.

A Visit to the Mint.

Many of the readers of the *Pennsylvanian*, residing in various parts of the United States, have probably never had an opportunity of visiting that somewhat celebrated establishment, the United States Mint. As making money is a subject for study with most people, it may be interesting to the majority to know how money is made literally. The Mint is a handsome white stuccoed building, with a plain, but not inelegant portico. The visitor, on entering the vestibule and asking permission to see the interior, is requested to record his name in a book kept for the purpose. He is then conducted first to a room in the rear, where the California dust is melted. The appearance of this room is as gloomy and dingy as that of an ordinary iron foundry. In the next two rooms the silver and gold is cast in ingots. Passing from thence to the other side of the building, we saw a man engaged in examining and sorting a great number of golden ingots—each of which was nearly as large as a common four pound sash weight, and very similar in shape. This was a rich spectacle. The precious metals, after being molded in this form, are rolled out in bars of suitable thickness, and from these bars the circular pieces for the coinage are cut by a rapid process. The operation of stamping the money is the most interesting of all. Like almost every other part of the work, it is done by steam power and machinery, admirably adapted to the purpose. The stamping process is done by a press, similar in its construction to a printing press; working with an elbow of great strength, the force of the compression being estimated at 200 tons. The impression is given to both sides of the coin at once. The circular pieces of plain metal are placed in a tube, which conducts them to the point where the impression is given, viz: between the dies, one of which is stationary under the plate, and the other descends with the motion of the machinery, and stamps the top of the coin. We saw \$20 gold pieces stamped, as we could judge, at the rate of forty in a minute. The next and final operation is the milling, which is the ornamenting of the edges of the coin. The steam engine which supplies the power for these various operations, is of the most perfect finish, a real bijou, polished like watch work in every part, and operating without the least perceptible noise.—*Pennsylvanian*.

Singular Phenomenon.

A paragraph in the *Newfoundland Times*, gives an account of a very strange phenomenon which recently occurred in the immediate neighborhood of Conception Bay. It says that the whole island is, in all probability, rising out of the ocean, with a rapidity which threatens at no far off period, materially to affect, if not utterly destroy, many of the best harbors on the coast of Newfoundland. A series of observations, made by a number of scientific gentlemen at Port de

Grave, it is asserted, proves beyond a doubt, that the sea-level in the vicinity is being rapidly displaced. Several large flat rocks, over which schooners passed with perfect ease and safety forty years ago, are now approaching the surface, the water being so that a skiff can scarcely navigate it. This gradual upheaval or elevation of the bed of these harbors, has created a great deal of astonishment among the inhabitants. At a place near the head of Bay Roberts, about a mile and a half from the shore of the sea, there is a perfect beach, which is believed to have been formed by the upheaval of the earth and the subsidence of the waters. It is elevated ten or twelve feet above the level of the ocean, and is covered with five or six feet of vegetable mold. The stones which are found upon the beach or shore, are of moderate size, and, in many instances, perfectly round, and in every respect similar to those found in the adjacent landwashes. This is a strange phenomenon, and one that should at once elicit the attention of geologists; but, singular as it may appear, it is only another evidence of the hypothesis, that our globe has been formed by a gradual transition from liquefaction to a state of solidity.

Subterranean Curiosity in Paris.

There is near the Marche and Chevaux a brewery, in which it is said the most excellent beer is made. M. Chapuis, the owner of this establishment, saw with regret that its cellars were not large enough to contain the increasing produce of his brewery, and he wished to keep it in greater quantities. M. Chapuis suspected that his house, court, and garden were placed above the catacombs of Paris. In order to make sure of this, he bored and ascertained, as he thought. Sure of success, he immediately set to work and built a stone stair case of 87 steps, through the spiral of which the liquid necessary for daily use might be brought up with the help of a windlass. But the staircase was the least part of the work, for, at the depth of about 55 feet, a void was found, not the void made by an accidental falling of the earth. M. Chapuis got this cleared, with a great deal of trouble and expense, and then great columns were placed in order to keep up the bank of stone, upon which the faubourg St. Marceau stand. And when you descend 87 steps, you enter into a large cavern, whose vast and long galleries offer an unlimited perspective. The effect of this cavern is fine and picturesque. M. Chapuis has certainly the vastest cellar in the world.

THE DISTILLER AND HIS PREACHER.

Some years ago, the Rev. Dr. Axley, of eccentric but pious memory, had preached to one of the congregation of his circuit, and after the sermon, as was the custom of the Methodist preachers in those days, and as it still is, when they do their duty, the preacher had a class meeting. He questioned each brother and sister on

the subject of their experience, practice, and enjoyment in the divine life, giving each a word of encouragement, comfort and advice, as the case seemed to require, filling up the intervals by singing a suitable verse with life and spirit, until all the members had been questioned but a certain very prominent member of the church, who, it seems, owned a distillery, and by some means his preacher had found out the fact. When, after the most serious conversation with the others, the following took place:

Preacher.—Well, brother Jerry, how do you come on making whisky?

Brother.—(Somewhat startled.) Oh, I don't know exactly, tolerably well enough.

P.—Well, brother, tell us how much money you give for a bushel of corn?

B.—Twenty-five cents a bushel.

P.—Twenty-five cents; very cheap that, I should say; but another question, how much whisky do you suppose one bushel of corn will make?

B.—Can't say. I suppose about three gallons. (very much confused.)

P.—So, three gallons! Why that's a considerable turn out, I should judge. But brother, what do you get for a gallon of whisky?

B.—(Looking rather wild)—Seventy-five cents.

P.—Seventy-five cents. Two hundred per cent! and that too, I reckon, by the barrel; you get more by the jug full. But, brother, tell your brethren, isn't the slops very good to fatten hogs?

B.—Yes, very good.

P.—And won't the hogs you fatten for nothing on the slops, come pretty near paying for the corn?

B.—Well, very nigh it.

P.—But to come to the question, brother, do you make a good article? Will it bear a bead?

By this time his brother was so perfectly confused by the preacher's interrogatories, he began to wish he had never seen the preacher or distillery either. The class could scarcely maintain their gravity during the dialogue; and we need not add that the poor fellow was so tormented every time he met a neighbor, by the salutation, "Well, brother, how do you come on making whisky?" and "do you make a good article? Will it bear a bead?" that he actually broke up his distillery and became a consistent Methodist.—*Exchange*.

A correspondent of the *London Medical Gazette*, states that to close the nostrils with the thumb and finger during expiration, leaving them free during inspiration, will relieve a fit of coughing in a short time. In addition to the above, we state from personal knowledge, that to press the finger on the upper lip just below the nose, will make the severest premonitory symptoms of a sneeze pass off harmless. We have found the remedy useful many a time in creeping on game in the woods.

THE SCHOOL FRIEND, AND OHIO SCHOOL JOURNAL. CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY 1, 1851.

Remarks on Examination of Candidates for Admission to the Central School.

The examination occupied three days, at an average of seven hours per day, during which one hundred and two candidates were examined in Orthography, Reading and Spelling, Mental and Written Arithmetic, Modern Geography, History of the United States, English Grammar, and Algebra as far as to Equations of the second degree.

At the opening of the subsequent term, six additional candidates were examined, and a portion of the former, whose qualifications appeared doubtful from the first examination, were re-examined. The candidates were divided into four classes, equal to the number of examiners, and passed in regular succession before each. To each examiner was assigned a separate room, and a distinct set of subjects, in order that the qualifications of the several candidates in the same subject of study might be passed upon by the same examiner. The candidates, with a few exceptions, were entire strangers to the examiners. Neither their names, nor the districts from which they came, were known during their examination, each being designated only by a number, which was assigned at the commencement. The qualifications of each candidate in the several subjects of study, as indicated by the examination, were registered by the respective examiners, on a scale ranging from 0 to 10—10 denoting perfect, 0 a failure, and the intermediate numbers a corresponding standing. When the examination was closed, the results, as recorded by each examiner, were collated on a table, by writing opposite the number by which the candidates were known during the examination, and under each subject, the figures expressing their standing. Another record was made, without being seen by the examiners, containing the names, ages, and districts of the candidates, enveloped, sealed, and, with the first named record, transmitted to the Board. The names and districts of the candidates admitted were not known to the Board, until they had determined upon the general average which should entitle a candidate to admission.

It is proper to enumerate some of the causes which, in the opinion of the examiners, led to the rejection of so many of the candidates. First, the opinion is entertained by the examiners that the first and second articles of the General Rules and Regulations, appertaining to the qualifications of candidates, and the duty of teachers in that regard, were not carefully considered by all the Principals of the Common Schools, or else they greatly mistook their spirit and design. Second, there is reason to believe that, in some instances, the importunities of pupils and parents induced teachers to transcend a sense of duty, and to certify for some who, in their own judgment, were not qualified for admission to the Central School, according to the spirit and tenor of said rules. This yielding of principle to ill-judged solicitation is deemed very unfortunate to all parties concerned. In its ultimate results, it reflects upon the good judgment, or the good faith, of the teacher, mortifies and disheartens the pupil, embarrasses and prolongs the examination, perplexes and annoys the examiners, and causes a greater disappointment to parents than the denial of a certificate of presumed qualification in the first instance. Third, the examination was more thorough and rigorous this year than on former occasions.

Lastly, it may be stated that the candidates were quite too deficient in orthography and orthophony, and in the general rules and principles applicable to reading exercises; in a ready apprehension and application of the principles and rules of per centage; in ability to construct phrases, clauses, or sentences containing particular parts

of speech, with such modifications as were required; and in ability to apply practically the rules of grammar. During the examination in history, geography, orthography, orthophony, and syntax, the examiners were impressed with the belief that, in respect to several of the candidates, a sufficient amount of oral and collateral instruction, pointing out the practical bearing and uses of the subjects taught, had not been given.

In arithmetic, the general result of the examination of the young ladies, especially in the subject of per centage and the roots, as well as in some portion of fractions, was so low as to induce the examiners to think that, hereafter, a knowledge of Algebra should not be required for admission to the Female Department of the School.

It is deemed necessary to allude to another subject upon which the candidates were examined, and with no desire to reflect in the smallest degree on the teachers who sent them up for examination; for the neglect had mostly occurred before the pupils reached their rooms; but the matter is referred to for the purpose of attracting to it the attention of the Board, that they may, if possible, devise some plan for the remedy of the unfortunate deficiency. We allude to orthography, practical orthography, or the art of spelling and writing words correctly, and to orthophony, practical orthophony, or the art of speaking words correctly, that is, with perfect articulation, and with all the varieties of pitch, inflection, time, stress and tone, so needful to express the thoughts and enforce the sentiments of what is read.

Many of the candidates were unable to define the ordinary terms used in treatises on these subjects, such as: *vowel, consonant, vocal, subvocal, aspirate, diphthong, accent, emphasis, primitive word, derivative word, affix, suffix, apostrophe, hyphen, diæresis, pitch, stress, slide, voice, tone, modulation, rhetorical pause.* When their attention was called to particular words, they utterly failed to classify the letters or the sounds which the letters represented. When words were spoken in their hearing, with distinct articulation, they could not determine how many elementary sounds were used, nor whether the sounds were represented in the *written* or *printed* word, by single letters or by a combination of letters. A few failed to tell how many sounds there were in the word *man*; and, when told, were unable to make them, or to tell whether the sounds were represented by *vowels* or *consonants*. Not more than one-third understood the ordinary rules for *spelling*: such as the rule for omitting *e* final, changing *y* into *i*, and for doubling final consonants, etc., when words receive affixes. A few failed to tell when the *apostrophe*, the *hyphen*, the *diæresis*, the *underline*, etc., should be used.

As a necessary consequence of such a neglect of elementary principles, their reading was faulty in many respects. It was a reading of *words*, and not of *thoughts*, and with defective articulation at that. The tone, or expression, was uniform and lifeless; emphasis, the very soul of delivery, hardly made its appearance during the exercise; and, in most instances, the pupils seemed neither to appreciate nor understand the sentiments to which they were endeavoring, or should have endeavored, to give utterance; it was mostly a mere enunciation of words.

The origin of such a lamentable deficiency may be found, no doubt, in the early neglect of those elementary drills and exercises, which strengthen the muscles of articulation, render them obedient to the command of the will of the reader, which acquaint him with the number and kind of sounds which he ought to make, and with the right position of the vocal organs, necessary to make those sounds with ease, precision and grace; and in the fact that too much ground had been passed over in a given time; that the pupil had not been sufficiently and appropriately interrogated in regard to what he read; and that, as a legitimate consequence, the

words and the ideas, the thoughts and the sentences, became dissociated. The inevitable result of such a course is to make the style, tone, or expression of a child's reading entirely different from that which he uses in conversation; for when a child converses, he generally understands what he says, and all the tones and movements of his voice correspond with his feelings, thoughts and emotions; but when he reads without the spirit and the understanding, he has, of course, no thoughts or emotions to prompt him to a variety of pitch, force, tone and emphasis. His mind being a blank while he reads, his voice will have a dull, stupid, sluggish movement to correspond with it. If children were never permitted to read what they could not thoroughly understand, and then were uniformly and properly interrogated upon what they read, they would always read naturally and beautifully.

A State Normal School--Correction.

In some of the published proceedings of the late meeting of the Ohio State Teachers' Association, we are reported as having advocated the following resolution, viz: "Resolved, That in the opinion of this Association, the interests of Education in Ohio demand the establishment of a State Normal School; and that we would respectfully ask the attention of the Legislature to this subject;" and we were also represented as concurring in opinion with Bishop POTTER on this subject.

The facts are these: when the above resolution came up for consideration, we moved to lay it on the table for the present, with the design of calling it up, at a more opportune time, for discussion; and then moving such amendments as would make it accord with our views. The opinion of Bishop POTTER, to which reference was made, related to quite a different matter. Pending the discussion of a resolution complimentary of the Trustees of Miami University, for organizing a Normal School Department in connection with said institution, we remarked that Bishop POTTER recently expressed the opinion, "that in fifteen years from this time, he should expect to see most of our colleges and universities coming into the common school system; that the system would ultimately embrace five grades of schools: 1, the Primary; 2, the Secondary; 3, the Grammar; 4, the High School, or Union School with a High School Department; and 5, the College or University."

It may be proper to state in this connection, that our views, touching the matter of a "Central State Normal School," have been somewhat modified, of late, by a more intimate acquaintance with the workings of the State Normal School at Albany, N. York, and of those of Massachusetts.

When the New York State Normal School was first established, its novelty, and a curiosity to know what is done in such a school, and a general expectation that it would, in the course of a very few months, transform every one that entered it into a "number-one-extra" teacher, induced a general rush of applicants from every county in the State. But when the novelty of the thing had passed off; when it was found that the school possessed no miraculously transforming power; and when it was known that some of those who had received their education at academies and union schools, surpassed, as teachers, many of the graduates of the Normal School, a large number of the counties could not find within their borders applicants to fill the seats in the school to which they were entitled. At present, a very few counties immediately circumjacent to the City of Albany, furnish about one-half of its pupils. Of course, then, the school is not very diffusive in its benefits; not half as much so as formerly. Other circumstances, beside those above stated, have conduced to this result. The traveling expenses for those residing quite remote, the extra price for board in a city like Albany, and a general reluctance to go so far from home, have discouraged many from availing themselves of the advantages

of such a school. It is even thought by many that were the State now in possession of the \$40,000 or \$50,000, the value or cost of the Normal School lot and building, that sum, together with the \$12,000 or \$15,000, which it costs the State annually to carry on the school, would be more generally distributed over the State, by establishing normal classes, or teachers' institutes, at several convenient localities. Many petitions to that effect have been sent to the Legislature, within the last two or three years. In the small State of Massachusetts, in which there are three Normal Schools, conducted too by very able teachers, the Board of Education have deemed it necessary to associate with their Secretary, Mr. BARNAS SEARS, three of the ablest teachers in the State, with an annual salary of a \$1000, each, and necessary expenses, to go into remote counties and towns and hold teachers' institutes, form and hold normal classes, and impart energy and enlightened views to the profession. Central Normal Schools there, like the one in New York, have not been able, sufficiently, to distribute their benefits, owing to circumstances like those already stated.

It is not our purpose, by this article, to decry Normal Schools, or underrate their utility. We believe that they have accomplished great good; that they are valuable auxiliaries to help forward the great educational movement. But they should be properly distributed. We do not believe the advantages of a great Central Normal School, like the one in Albany, New York, at all commensurate with its expense, or with the benefits which would result from a judicious distribution of smaller establishments. The idea of building up a great Central Normal School at the Capitol of a State, in order that the Legislature may witness its operations, be convinced of its utility, and induced to found others, works better in theory than in practice. Its expense will generally prove so great as to discourage the Legislature from expending any more funds in that way for school purposes. Witness New York and Massachusetts. In conclusion, we desire to state that it is our firm conviction, that an able and accomplished Superintendent, like BARNAS SEARS, HORACE MANN, or HENRY BARNARD, with three or four intelligent, energetic, practical teachers, to travel over the State as missionaries, or rather like the old English *nisi prius* courts, hold institutes, train normal classes, and lecture the people, would accomplish more, and at less expense, than a great Central Normal School.

An Oral Exercise

For presenting summarily, as in a moving picture, and teaching practically, the whole subject of "Greene's Analysis and Construction of Sentences."

We have given to the above exercise the appellation, "The Sixty Manipulations on the Construction of Sentences." Class D, of the Cincinnati Central High School, performed this exercise at the recent public examination, with a degree of readiness and accuracy hardly to be expected of a class of pupils whose average age was only thirteen years.

In order to describe the exercise so that it may be readily apprehended, it is necessary to make some preliminary observations.

It is known to those who have used for any considerable length of time the work above referred to, that a sentence may contain five distinct elements, denominated respectively, *Subject, Predicate, Adjective, Objective, and Adverbial*, Elements; and that each of these may assume three distinct forms, called the *first, second and third* classes of elements. It is also known that each of the five elements, whether of the first, second, or third class, may be simple—that is, *unmodified, unlimited, or unrestricted* in its application or use; or it may be *complex*—that is, *modified, limited, or restricted*; or it may be *compound*—that is, have *similar, co-ordinate elements*

united with it; or it may be both *complex and compound*—that is, it may have other similar elements connected with it, and, at the same time, each be modified by a subordinate element.

It must be obvious, then, that the subject of a proposition, as well as the predicate, the adjective, the objective, and the adverbial element, may be of the first class and simple, of the first class and complex, of the first class and compound, or of the first class and both compound and complex. It may be of the second or third class, and also be simple, complex, compound, or both compound and complex.

It is easy to see, therefore, that each of the five elements of a sentence may be presented in twelve forms or conditions, making in all sixty constructions, and hence the sixty manipulations already mentioned.

From these explanations teachers will understand what is to be done when a class is directed to perform the sixty manipulations.

The first pupil in the class constructs a sentence containing a *simple* subject of the *first* class; the second, a sentence containing a *complex* subject of the *first* class; the third, one containing a *compound* subject of the *first* class; the fourth, one containing a *complex and compound* subject of the *first* class; the fifth, one containing a *simple* subject of the *second* class; the sixth, one containing a *complex* subject of the *second* class; the seventh, one containing a *compound* subject of the *second* class; the eighth, one containing a *compound and complex* subject of the *second* class; the ninth, a *simple* subject of the *third* class; the tenth, a *complex* subject, *third* class; the eleventh, a *compound* subject, *third* class; and the twelfth, a *complex and compound* subject, *third* class.

The thirteenth to the twenty-fourth pupil, inclusive, construct sentences embracing the predicate under the twelve different phases as above described for the subject, and in the same order. Next, in order, the adjective element is treated in like manner; then the objective; and lastly, the adverbial element.

In this way, a sort of synopsis, or general outline of the whole subject of the structure of the English language, can be presented in about thirty minutes. The exercise will be found an admirable test of the knowledge of a class, on the occasion of a quarterly or other examination, as we have ascertained by an actual trial.

Massachusetts State Teachers' Association.

At the annual meeting of this Association, (held Nov. 25th and 26th, 1850) it was resolved,

That the Act of the Legislature, passed May 3d, 1850, concerning truants and absentees from School, meets our hearty approbation; and we earnestly recommend its adoption by the cities and towns of the Commonwealth, where the evils contemplated in the Act, exist.

That the best interests of Common School Education requires, that the compensation of female teachers be materially increased.

That we regard the recent decision of the people of the State of New York in favor of free schools, as an important step in the progress of popular education.

That Physiology and Hygiene should be considered essential branches of a common school education; and that the law permitting its introduction should be so modified, as to require it to be taught in all the District and Grammar Schools in the Commonwealth.

The Association voted to offer two prizes, of twenty dollars each; for the two best essays on the following subjects: 1st. Choice and Use of Motives; 2d. On Teaching Spelling. Both prizes were offered to the lady teachers of Massachusetts.

It appears from the above, that the action of this body of teachers, at its previous meeting, relating to Truants, etc., was promptly responded to, and that the Legislature of Massachusetts has actually enacted a penal statute restraining truancy and kindred delinquencies. As soon

as we can obtain the Act we will give it to our readers. This association embodies the choice spirits of our profession, in the Bay State; and every one knows that to see them is to see a host. We forbear further notice for want of room.

Grammar.—Exercises in Parsing—No. II.

IV. ORTHOGENIC PARSING.

The term *Orthogeny*, signifying a *correct classification*, is a more appropriate name for that department of grammar commonly called Etymology, but which has no immediate connection with Etymology proper.—Orthogeny treats of the classification of words as parts of speech, their subdivisions and inflections.

For an exercise in orthogenic parsing, after the passage has been assigned and the words counted, require the class to ascertain the number belonging to each class or "parts of speech;" as nouns, pronouns, adjectives, verbs, participles, adverbs, prepositions, conjunctions, and exclamations. Here it will require no little familiarity with the subject to enable the scholar to arrive at correct conclusions, since the proper classification of the words can not be determined, without a clear perception of the meaning of the passage and a correct idea of the use of each word; but if pupils are required to defend their judgments, and a free interchange of opinion is secured, this may be made a most profitable exercise.

Next, the scholars may be called to classify the words belonging to each of the classes above named, under their respective subdivisions: the words may be classed as common or proper, individual or collective, abstract or concrete, participial or verbal; the pronouns, as personal, relative or interrogative; the adjectives, as limiting or qualifying, or, as common, proper, numeral, pronominal, participial, compound, negative, intensive or diminutive; the verbs, as finite or infinitive, principal or auxiliary, regular, irregular or defective, governing, passive or neuter; and the participles and the other parts of speech may be subdivided into classes whenever it is deemed desirable.

The accidents or modifications of the several parts of speech may next receive attention, and a class may go through with all these exercises in less time than it has required to describe them, at least, after they have become somewhat familiar with the mode of executing them; and the great advantage of a method like this is, that it confines the attention to one subject at a time.

V. SYNTACTICAL PARSING.

First find the number of *periods* in the paragraph to be examined, this will, of course, give the number of leading or independent sentences: then classify all the sentences, as simple or compound, declarative, interrogative, imperative or exclamative; next, ascertain the number of distinct propositions, that is, of sentential forms containing a subject and a predicate, and classify them as co-ordinate with the leading propositions, or subordinate to it or some of its co-ordinates; and next, examine the subordinate propositions and classify them with respect to their connectives, as relative, conjunctive-adverbial, or conjunctive clauses, and with reference to their use, as substantive or adjective.

Next, the phrases should be counted and classified; first, with reference to their structure as participial, infinitive or prepositional; and second, with respect to their relations in the sentence, as substantive, adjective, adverbial or absolute.

The elements or constituent parts of the several propositions should next be examined, and classified as principal or essential, and subordinate or accidental; as in-complex or complex, that is, grammatical or logical, as simple or compound; and each element referred to its appropriate class as a word, phrase or clause. The objective elements may also be classified as direct or indirect, or remote; and the adjective and adverbial elements as primary, secondary or tertiary, modifiers.

ETYMOLOGY, NO. III.

PREPOSITIONAL PREFIXES.

Prefixes.	Meaning.
A, be,	On, in at, upon,
Ab abs, apo aph, de, e ex,	From, away, out,
A an, ne, non, in im, un,	Not, without,
Ad a ac af ag al an	To, toward,
Am bi, am phi, circum, peri,	Around, about,
Ana,	Again, apart,
Ante, fore, pre,	Before,
Anti, counter, contra-o, para, with,	Against, opposite.
Be, en em, in im,	To make,
Cata,	Down, from side to side,
Cis,	On this side,
Con cog col com co, syn, syl sym,	Together, with,
Dia, per, dis dif di,	Through, apart,
Dis,	Not,
Epi eph,	Upon, for,
Extra, ultra, preter, super, sur, trans,	Beyond, over, above,
hyper,	From,
For,	Under, beneath,
Hypo, sub subter sur, infra,	In, on upon,
In il im ir, en em,	Between,
Inter,	Within, in,
Intro,	Near,
Juxta,	Against, in the way,
Ob oc of op,	More, beyond,
Out,	Side by side, near to, like,
Para, par,	After,
Post,	Forward, forth, instead of,
Pro,	Again, back, backward,
Re, retro, meta,	Aside, apart,
Se,	Without,
Sine, sin,	To take off, or undo,
Un,	

NUMERICAL PREFIXES.

Prefixes.	Meaning.	Examples.
Mono, uni, proto, prim,	One, or first,	Monotone, primrose, uniform, proto-martyr.
Am bi, am phi, bi' bis, duo, di dis, secundus, deut deuterio,	Two, double, or second,	Am bidexter, amphibious, biped, dime-ter, duodecimo, dissyllable, deutoxide.
Tre, tri tris, trit,	Three or third,	Trefoil, triangle, tritoxide.
Quadra, quater, tetra,	Four or fourth,	Quadrangle, quadrillion, tetragon.
Quinque, quin, penta,	Five,	Quintillion, pentagon.
Sex, se, hex hexa,	Six,	Sextillion, sedecillion, hexagon.
Sept, hepta,	Seven,	September, heptarchy.
Octo octa oct,	Eight,	October, octagon, octangular.
Non novem, ennea,	Nine,	Nonagon, November, enneandria.
Decem, deca,	Ten,	December, decennial, decagon.
Centu centi cent, hecaton,	Hundred,	Centuple, centipede, hecatomb.
Mille, mill,	Thousand,	Millennium, million.

Phonotypy and the Cincinnati Board of Instruction.

Several months since, a memorial was circulated among the teachers of our city, and signed by a large number of them, praying that the experiment of teaching reading by the Phonetic characters, be tried in one of our public schools. At the last meeting of the Board, the committee to which the matter had been referred, made the following:

REPORT OF THE TEXT BOOK COMMITTEE.

The Text Book Committee, to whom was referred the memorial of certain teachers, and other friends of Education, asking an experiment to be made, in some city school, in teaching children to read by means of the phonetic alphabet, would present the following as the result of their consideration:

1st. We find, as the memorial declares, that many teachers, both in the east and the west, have paid considerable attention to phonetic spelling;—have used, and continue to use the system in their schools, with very striking advantages, and are constantly recommending it to other teachers.

2d. There is manifestly an earnest desire on the part of many in our employ, and others who are deterred from using phonetic books until warranted in so doing by the action of prominent Boards of Education, to have a fair trial of the system and a candid statement of the result made public.

3d. A similar feeling seems to pervade the public mind generally; for parents are as much interested in

saving any unnecessary waste of time for their children, as teachers are to avoid the drudgery that is now necessary in order to teach a child the art of reading.

In view of these facts, the committee would recommend the adoption of measures favorable to the request of the memorialists. While no evil would result from such a course, much good would follow;—for if the experiment should prove unsatisfactory, and demonstrate the impracticability of using the system permanently, the uneasiness of thousands of teachers who are waiting and longing for its professed advantages, would be quieted; there would be no more innovations of this kind made by teachers acting upon their own responsibility; and the public mind would be set at rest in regard to the matter—but should the system demonstrate that it has superior advantages over every other mode of instruction, then the sooner the fact is ascertained and made public, by those in authority, the better.

Resolved, That a special committee of three be appointed to procure a competent teacher to give instruction in the phonetic system, in one of our public schools, to a class of children that have not yet learned the alphabet; and to keep a record of their progress, and at the end of six months to report to this Board the result of the experiment.

(Signed.)

CYRUS DAVENPORT,
G. LATHROP,
A. L. BUSHNELL.

The report was accepted by a unanimous vote. Messrs. Burgoyne, Davenport, and Phillips, were appointed a committee to superintend the experiment, in any school they might think proper.

Twenty-First Annual Report of Cincinnati Schools.

The report of our common schools, for the year ending June, 30, 1850, has just been issued from the press, and is lying before us. It is quite a large document of 94 pages, and contains a clear, concise statement of the present condition of our schools, and the prospects for their improvement. The gross receipts, for school purposes, during the past year, are \$92,225.57; the expenditures for the same period are \$46,834.23, for tuition; and \$45,391.34, for interest on bonds, improvement of school buildings, etc. etc.; balance in the treasury, \$12,341.27. During the past year, two wards have been added to the city, thus increasing the number and cost of schools; a superintendent (Hon. NATHAN GUILFORD,) of city schools has been elected, and the general character of the schools considerably improved. The city has been re-districted in order that the number of pupils in each may be equalized.

The number of teachers, male and female, employed was 138; the number of pupils enrolled 12,240; the number in daily attendance 5,362. There are in the city 33,548 white persons, between the ages of four and twenty-one: only about one-half of these are connected with schools of any kind. There are 33 male teachers, and 105 female teachers. In each house there are from 8 to 12 teachers; a male principal and assistant, and the remaining are female teachers. Experience has shown that about this proportion of the sexes secures the amplest and most favorable results. Printed questions in examination have been laid aside for the present—the substitute has been an examining committee, to visit each school, and report their examination. Our German-English Schools, (five in number) are, perhaps, an anomaly. Our German pupils in these schools are taught both the German and the English language, and there are many instances of the English pupils learning the German language. The trial has shown that children thus thrown together can learn the two languages at about the same expense of time and labor as one language.

Evening Schools, from October till February, have been continued, wherever deemed necessary. All who applied were admitted; the number taught was 592, under ten teachers. Very gratifying results have attended these schools. They were open five evenings during the week, from 7 or 7½ o'clock till 9 or 9½ o'clock. "The Central School can no longer be regarded as an experiment; it has reached a point from which it must not be permitted to recede."

The Board of Examiners, for examining teachers, meets once a month, and has examined 125 candidates—granted certificates to 10 male, and 8 female principals—to 13 male, and 53 female assistants. Of the teachers, 29 were educated in the District and Central School.

The Board have dispensed with the services of teachers of penmanship. Rand's System has been introduced as a text-book, the presiding teacher taking charge. The salaries of the teachers have been increased. The Bible is read daily as a class book in all the higher sections. A teacher of Music is employed in all the schools. The report of the Superintendent, (Mr. Guilford,) occupies quite a large portion of the Report, and is of very great value. It contains the results of his examinations in every department in each public school in the city. It gives a statement of the condition of every room in respect to discipline, order, attainment, cleanliness, ventilation, etc., etc. We would gladly extract from it but forbear for want of room.

Male Principals receive \$65, per month; male Assistants, first grade, \$45; second grade, \$35; Female Principals, \$35 per month; Female Assistants, \$16, \$20, or \$25 per month, according to the grade.

This report contains much matter, statistical and otherwise, of great interest and value.

CENTRAL SCHOOL, January 7, 1851.

To the Board of Trustees and Visitors of the Common Schools of Cincinnati:

GENTLEMEN:—Allow me to commend to the favorable regard of your Board, the pupils of the Central School whose names are hereto annexed, and respectfully solicit that you would take such notice of them as may, in your judgment, tend to encourage them in well doing. Wm. E. Crane, R. D. Barney, T. C. Jones, J. Jackson, Wm. W. Greene, Samuel Wilson, Wm. Murray, Geo. Harper, Thos. Anthony, Benj. Easton, of the Male Department, have not been absent from school a single day since the commencement of the present session, which opened on the 13th of August last.

Ellen Dana and Sophia Everts have neither been absent nor tardy, nor received a single demerit; Esther Cameron has neither been absent nor tardy, and received only one demerit; Augusta Hoyt, neither absent nor tardy, only four demerits; Elizabeth Burley, not absent nor tardy, 5 demerits; Ellen Freeman, Mary Lowrey, Elizabeth Jackson, absent none, tardy once each; Julia Weidman and Zenicia Madison, not absent; Zelia Byington, not absent, tardy four times.

With a few exceptions, their recitations have corresponded with their deportment. The merit of the above pupils will be appreciated when it is considered that one pupil has been absent 16 times; one, 13; two, 11; one, 10; one, 9; three, 8; two, 7; and three pupils have received 50 demerits each, and 5, over 40 demerits each.

If it meet the approbation of the Board to pass some resolution on the subject, we will cause the same, with the names of the pupils, to be published in the educational papers of the State. With great respect,

Your obt. servant,
H. H. BARNEY.

The above communication was referred to the Central School committee, who reported the following:

"The Committee to whom was referred the matter of the good conduct of several pupils of the Central School, would respectfully report that they have considered the same, and recommend the adoption, by the Board, of the following resolution, viz:

Resolved, That this Board have heard with much pleasure of the exemplary deportment, regular attendance, and good scholarship of the pupils referred to, and hope that they will continue in a course of conduct so valuable to themselves, and so creditable to their school; and that others may be induced to follow their example, and the names of a still larger number may be reported at the close of the present term.

WM. GOODMAN,
W. HOOPER,
N. A. BRITT,
L. SWARTZ,
J. A. WARDER,
B. STORER,
J. W. RICE,
WM. PHILLIPS,
Central School Committee."

The resolution, as reported by the committee, was adopted unanimously.

CINCINNATI, January 14, 1851.

Central High School of Cleveland.

Regulations adopted by the Board of Managers, October, 1850.

1st. Candidates for admission to this Department, shall produce from their last Teachers, certificates of general good conduct as pupils, and of presumed qualifications to enter.

2d. The examinations for admission shall take place at the High School Rooms, on the first Tuesday of the Winter and Spring Terms, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. A thorough acquaintance with the course of study pursued in the Senior Schools will be required.

3d. Pupils shall be in attendance a few minutes before the regular time for opening the School.

4th. The only excuses for tardiness or absence accepted by the Teachers, shall be for sickness, or for some urgent case, rendering punctuality impossibility, or extremely inconvenient, of which urgency the Teacher shall be the judge.

5th. Absence from a recitation shall be regarded as a failure to recite, and shall be so marked on the Class-Roll; but the lesson may be subsequently recited out of the regular School hours, at such time as may be convenient for the Teachers. The recitation, however, though perfect, shall not receive so high a mark, as if made at the regular time. The Teachers, at their discretion, may require any recitation, lost through absence, to be made up by the Scholar, as a condition of continuing in the Class.

6th. No Pupil shall be permitted to leave the School at recess, or at any other time before the regular hour for closing, for the purpose of attending any Music, Dancing, Writing or other Lessons, or for any cause except that of sickness, or some other urgent necessity.

7th. The Teachers shall keep a Register of their several Classes, in such manner as to show the punctuality or tardiness of each member, his good or bad deportment, and the manner his lessons are recited: abstracts from which record shall be presented to the Board, at the end of each month, and to the parents at the close of each term.

8th. Each Class shall have its regular course of study for each Term, which each member of the Class shall be required to pursue; and any pupil at the regular time of admission of new scholars shall be liable to be put back into a lower Class, if from irregularity of attendance, or other cause, such Pupil may be deficient in any of the studies of the term or terms preceding.

9th. The withdrawal of a Scholar for a term, or any considerable portion of a term, except for sickness, or unavoidable necessity, shall forfeit the scholar's right to a seat. The number of years a Scholar is entitled to instruction in this Department, shall be understood to run continuously from the time of admission, whether such Scholar be present or not, except absent from causes wholly unavoidable.

10th. The High School shall be expected to set an example to the other Public Schools, of punctuality of attendance, studiousness, and creditable recitations, good order, and good conduct generally; and any Pupil who fails in either of these particulars, so as to impair the standing and efficiency of this Department, shall be admonished by the Teachers; after which, if need be, the parent shall be requested to withdraw such Scholar to save suspension or dismissal.

Course of Study.

FIRST YEAR.

First Term—Arithmetic, Grammar, Intellectual Algebra, Physiology, History of England.

Second Term—Written Algebra, (Girls through Quadratic Equations,) Physiology, Grammar, History of France, Modern and Ancient Geography.

Third Term—Written Algebra, Natural Philosophy, English Composition, History of Greece.

SECOND YEAR.

First Term—Written Algebra, Natural Philosophy, Science of Government, History of Rome.

Second Term—Geometry, Chemistry, Political Economy, Geology, Rhetoric.

Third Term—Geometry, Chemistry, Geology, Rhetoric, Book-keeping*.

THIRD YEAR.

First Term—Trigonometry and Applications,* Astronomy, Mental Philosophy, Book-keeping,* General History.

Second Term—Surveying,* Astronomy, Botany, Elements of Criticism, General History.

Third Term—Surveying,* Botany, Elements of Criticism, Natural History, Logic.

* Indicates that the Study is omitted in the Girls' Department.

Penmanship and Vocal Music daily—Drawing, Compositions and Declamation.

Teachers' Association.

Pursuant to previous notice, a number of the teachers of Tuscarawas county met in New Philadelphia, December 14, 1850, for the purpose of forming a County Association.

The Association organized by appointing Mr. Thos. Quantrell, President, and Mr. J. W. Kitch, Secretary.

On motion, a committee of three, viz: Messrs. A. C. Allen, S. Bugher, and W. Harris, was appointed to draft a constitution, and report at the next meeting.

By request, Mr. Andrews, of Massillon, delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on the importance and responsibility of the teachers' avocation.

On motion, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we approve of the law of last winter for the appointment of a State Board of Public Instruction, and most earnestly but respectfully urge upon the members of the Legislature the appointment of none but practical teachers, as superintendents.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Association forward to the Senator and Representatives of this district a copy of the foregoing resolution, signed by the President and Secretary of the Association.

Resolved, That the Common School Examiners of Tuscarawas county, be, and hereby are, respectfully invited to become members of this Association.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Association be tendered Mr. Andrews, for his able lecture.

On motion, Mr. John Buchanan was appointed to address the Association, at its next meeting.

On motion, the Association adjourned, to meet in New Philadelphia, at one o'clock, on Saturday, Jan. 11th, 1851. THOS. QUANTRELL, Pres't.

JOHN W. KITCH, Sec'y.

To Correspondents.

Our correspondent's request for the "Dominical Letter" will appear in our next.

C.'s piece of poetry, though somewhat objectionable, will also appear in our next.

K.'s promised article has not arrived yet. Start it along.

ITEMS.

The able and gentlemanly Editor of the "Western Horticultural Review," has laid on our table the second and third numbers of this periodical. It is the only one of the kind west of the Alleghanies, we believe, and certainly deserves a patronage as wide and as fruitful as the field it occupies. The second number contains a most elaborate and classic address from E. D. Mansfield, on the Origin and Progress of Horticulture. The periodical is a monthly octavo, containing forty-eight pages of reading matter, and a fine frontispiece engraving in each number. JOHN A. WARDER, M. D., Editor, Cincinnati. Price \$3, per annum, in advance.

Some differences have arisen between the City Council and the School Board, in regard to the school funds, so that this month the teachers in all the public schools have been obliged to get along as well as they could, without any pay. The School Board has asked the Legislature for a law empowering it to control the school fund, without any reference to the City Council. Although the teachers have not been paid, as usual, the schools go on as usual; for the higher courts have too often decided that contracts made by a School Board, with teachers, are binding upon the city, to cause the teachers to fear any ultimate result.

The whole matter of the amalgamation of the Woodward and Hughes trusts with the city school fund, for the purpose of building up a large Central High School, is in the City Council. Nothing of importance has yet been done in regard to the matter.

The Cincinnati teachers are about to establish a large and permanent association, and commence the collection of a library. They met, a short time since, and unanimously resolved on adopting a suitable constitution and by-laws. We shall say more about this meeting in our next number.

Mr. O. Goldrick gives us notice that he has been appointed to take charge of the Union Sch oo

in Hebron, Licking Co. In addition to being principal of the High School, he also superintends the operations of the four schools which constitute the system there. We expect to hear flattering accounts from friend G., as soon as his schools are in a good working condition.

At the law term of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, during the present week, a decision was promulgated in a case which shows that the School Committees of Massachusetts are not mere machines, as some who hold the purse strings would gladly make them. The case was that of James P. Batchelder vs. City of Salem. It is an action brought to recover of the city the sum of \$100, claimed by plaintiff as due on his salary as teacher in one of our public schools. The circumstances of the case are as follows: The Committee voted to pay \$800 a year to the principals of the grammar schools, the plaintiff being one of them. The City Council refused to appropriate more than enough to pay \$700 a year. This suit was brought to recover the extra \$100. Chief Justice stated that the Court had decided that the plaintiff was entitled to recover. Reasons to be stated at length by Judge Fletcher.—*Salem Observer*, Nov. 9.

The Weekly Wheeling Luminary, a weekly paper devoted to Education, Arts, Science, General Literature, Temperance, Morality, Commerce, Foreign and Domestic News, Manufactures, Agriculture, etc., etc., and conducted by J. B. Wolff, Editor and Proprietor, has been laid our table. It is a pleasant and profitable paper. Price, \$2 00, single subscribers, per annum; 10 copies for \$15.

The New York Phonographic Journal, engraved and published by Charles M. Lord, and Edited by Augustus F. Boyle and Oliver Dyer. It is a monthly quarto of 24 pages, printed in the Phonograph hieroglyph. Price, \$1 00 per annum; single copy, 12½ cts. Phonographers alone can read it.

The Free School Journal and Teachers' Advocate, a monthly octavo of 16 pages, Joseph L. Enos, Editor, S. S. Randall and Ira Mayhew, Corresponding Editors, devoted to Educational Progress, has come to us from Madison, Wisconsin. Address Free School Journal, Madison, Wis. The number before us contains many valuable articles. It ought to be well supported, and probably will be.

The Home School Journal, a monthly folio, conducted by the pupils of Youngstown (Ohio) Union School, has been sent to us. It will be issued until May, 1851. Price, 25 cents single number; 10 numbers \$2 00. It is a pleasant little sheet, and a companion of the Sandusky Gleaner. We trust that the next number will contain some statistics in regard to the rate of attendance and absence of pupils in that region. Our columns are too full to allow us to extract any thing from the present number for our paper.

Mr. S. S. Greene, late Principal of the Philips School, Boston, has been appointed Mathematical Professor, in the University at Rochester, N. Y. We are informed that he has accepted the appointment.

Mr. O. J. Wilson, late assistant in the school on Sycamore Street, of our city, has been appointed Principal of the George Street School, in the place of Mr. Handy, resigned. Mr. W. is one of the few of our teachers, who has wooed with some success the poetic muse.

Mr. Berry has been added to the number of our city teachers. He takes the place vacated by Mr. Wilson.

The December number of the racy Unit, contains an anatomical characteristic description of Mr. Seneca Durand, Principal of Ward School, No. 5, New York. We shall give our readers some specimens

of the bold delineations contained in this free-roving sheet in some of our numbers.

There are now in operation in the city of New York, nineteen evening schools, for the education of all those individuals whom daily business prevents from attending the day schools. Thirteen are for males and six for females—taught by eighty-five teachers, and supervised by a committee of five persons. There are five sessions per week of two hours each, commencing at seven o'clock and closing at nine for the females, and at half-past seven and closing at half-past-nine, for the males. Last winter, 7,638 individuals attended, whose ages varied from twelve to fifty years. Of this number, 1,094 were unable to read at all; 2,035 could read very imperfectly. More than 2,000 could not write, and more than 4,000 were unacquainted with the four fundamental rules in arithmetic. The eagerness and anxiety of the pupils to avail themselves of the advantages of these schools is very great and gratifying. The blessings they confer none can estimate.

The State Normal School at Albany, N. Y., opened on the 13th ultimo. At the close of the first day the number in attendance was 100. The school is in a flourishing state.

Recent accounts state that a written language has been discovered in the interior of Africa. Books have been found in the script character, and individuals who could read them, as well as converse. The language is designated as the Vy language. Several expeditions are now traversing the interior of Africa, and their discoveries promise to be of a most interesting character. A large lake, the Ngami, has recently been discovered in Lat. 19° south. The tropical scenery along its shores is said to be of the most luxuriant and gorgeous description.

A third ring round the planet Saturn, was recently announced to the world, by Mr. Bond, of the Cambridge Observatory. This same individual discovered the eighth satellite of this planet, about two years since.

In the State of Ohio, 70,000 acres of land have been set apart for the support of colleges and academies, and 700,000 acres for the support of common schools.

The California public school now contains 150 pupils. In this school fifteen different nations are represented. Australia sends 20; New Zealand, 15; Sandwich Islands, 3; Chili, 20; Peru, 1. The rest are of European or American origin.

From official criminal returns, made throughout the State of New York, from 1840 to 1848, it has been ascertained, that of the 27,949 persons convicted of crime during that period, 1,182 had received "a common education;" 414 had received a "tolerably good education;" and 128 had been "well educated." Eight thousand one hundred and twelve could merely read and write: eight thousand one hundred and thirteen were entirely "destitute of any education whatever."

Mr. Benjamin Pruehard, of Andover, Mass., lately deceased, left \$60,000, to be appropriated to founding and endowing a high school for girls and boys, in Andover, South Parish.

At the yearly examination of the Springfield (Mass.) High School, it was announced, that of the 20 best scholars, 16 were girls; and of the 14 best, 12 were girls. The girls appear to carry the day every where.

There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
In every herb on which you tread
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness in God.

GEOMETRICAL QUESTIONS.

Under this head, it is our purpose to give, from time to time, some geometrical theorems and problems. They will be such as are not found in the text books in general use, though some may be contained in a few text books. Some have suggested themselves to us, on studying the solutions of intricate theorems; others are handed to us by those who have delved long and faithfully in the fields of mathematical science, and, in the course of their labors in giving instruction, have collected many questions in geometry, which they have found of great value in imparting to their pupils skill and facility in the use of mathematical principles. They are given for our own convenience, and for those who are engaged in giving instruction in the higher branches of mathematics.

1. If a triangle be inscribed in a circle, and from the vertex a tangent to the circle be drawn, meeting the base produced, the angle contained by this tangent and the produced base is equal to the difference of the angles at the base of the triangle.

2. If on each of the sides of a scalene triangle, equilateral triangles be described, the lines joining the middle points of the equilateral triangles will themselves form an equilateral triangle.

3. If the base of an equilateral triangle be produced, in both directions, prove that the exterior angles are equal.

4. If the acute angles of a right-angled triangle be bisected, the bisecting lines will form two acute and two obtuse angles, at the point of intersection; prove that the sum of the two obtuse angles is equal to the sum of three right angles.

5. Prove that the two equilateral triangles described upon the base and perpendicular of a right-angled triangle, are together equivalent to the equilateral triangle described upon the hypotenuse.

6. If, from one extremity of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle an arc be described with the base for a radius, and from the other extremity of the hypotenuse an arc be described with the perpendicular for a radius, prove that the portion of the hypotenuse intercepted by the two arcs is equal to the diameter of the circle inscribed within the triangle.

7. Given any circle, and any straight line without the circle; find that point in the circle at which a line drawn tangent to the circle, and meeting the given straight line, shall make with it an angle equal to a given angle.

9. Construct a square which shall be equivalent to four (or five, or any number of) given squares.

10. Construct a triangle which shall be equivalent to two (or three, or any number of) given triangles.

Shocking Murder of a School Teacher.

An awful murder was committed in Wayne township, Clermont county, in this State, on Thursday the 9th ult. About two miles east of a little village called Edenton, a man named Artemus C. Morrow, a school teacher and resident of the place, was killed by John Dale. The circumstances are these: John Dale and John Groves, young men, were attending the school of Mr. Morrow. On the above named day, the teacher undertook to correct a younger brother of Dale, when John interfered, taking his brother's part, when a fight ensued. The teacher got young Dale down on the floor, when Groves struck Morrow on the head with a stick of stove-wood. Then they all separated, and the affray was supposed to be over. The small children had become frightened, and ran out of doors during the fight. The teacher went to the door to call the scholars back. Dale then came up behind Morrow, and struck him with a billet of wood on the right side of the head, just above his ear, which felled him—then repeated the blows three times, all three on the head, while he was prostrate, which completed the murder—the skull being fractured and the head awfully bruised. The poor man lingered until 8 o'clock that night, and then ceased to breathe. He was delirious all the time, after the occurrence.

Morrow leaves a wife and five or six small children. He was a civil, inoffensive man. Dale and Groves both fled, and had not been heard of at the last accounts. We learn these particulars from Mr. JAMES CROSSAN, who lives near where the murder happened.

John Dale is about 21 years old, and John Groves is about 18.—*Cin. Daily Commercial*.

The murderers have both been arrested, and are now in prison, awaiting their trial.

MATHEMATICAL DEPARTMENT

SOLUTIONS.

Solutions to the Questions in the December Number.

QUEST. 1st.—By D. JAMIESON. If the circumference of a circle and the perimeter of a square, are equal, what is the ratio of their areas?

SOLUTION.—By R. W. McFARLAND. Let $p = 3.1416$. Let $a =$ side of square; its area will be a^2 ; its perimeter $4a =$ circumference of circle: hence, the diameter of the circle $= \frac{4a}{p}$, and the radius $= \frac{2a}{p}$. Hence, area $= \frac{4a^2}{p^2} \times p = \frac{4a^2}{p}$.

Then area of circle : area of square $:: \frac{4a^2}{p} : a^2 :: \frac{4}{p} : 1 :: 1 : .7854$.

QUEST. 2nd.—By C. IHMSEN. Given $x^2 + 3x + y = 73 - 2xy$ (1)
 $y^2 + 3y + x = 44$ (2) to find x and y .

SOLUTION.—By P. CARDAN. Adding the two equations together, and transposing $2xy$, we get $x^2 + 2xy + y^2 + 4x + 4y = 117$; or, $(x+y)^2 + 4(x+y) = 117$. Completing the square, $(x+y)^2 + 4(x+y) + 4 = 121$. Extracting the square root $x+y+2 = \pm 11$. Whence $x+y = +9$, or -13 ; and $x = 9-y$, or $-13-y$. Taking the first value of x and substituting it in equation (2), and reducing, we obtain $y^2 + 2y = 35$. Whence, $y = 5$ or -7 . Hence, $x = 4$ or 16 . By substituting the value of $x = -13-y$, two other values may be found.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Both questions were solved by Messrs. R. W. McFARLAND, J. AUSTIN, A. BEALL, SOLOMON WRIGHT, P. CARDAN, D. JAMIESON, and C. IHMSEN. Mr. SOLOMON WRIGHT furnished a solution to the question of P. CARDAN, which came too late to be noticed in our last number.

QUESTIONS.

QUEST. 1st.—By S. OLCOTT. Given $x^2 - 5x + y^2 + 9y = 968$ (1)
 $8y^2 + xy + 54y - 30x = 5808$ (2) to find the values of x and y .

QUEST. 2nd.—By D. JAMIESON. If the three perpendiculars let fall from a point, within an equilateral triangle, upon the sides, are denoted by a, b, c , what is the side of the triangle?

Solutions to these questions should be forwarded, so as to reach Cincinnati not later than March 15th.

Correspondents, when they are able, are requested, in all cases, to accompany questions

which they propose, with their solutions. In proposing questions for solution, it is our object to present only such as will be intelligible to the majority of our readers; for this reason we have not given any questions whose solution requires any thing beyond a knowledge of Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry. Among our present list of correspondents, there are a number of excellent mathematicians; but they seem to understand our views, and generally offer only suitable questions for publication, of which we have still several on hand.

ABSTRACT OF THE METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER,

KEPT AT

Woodward College, Cincinnati.

Lat. $39^{\circ} 6'$ minutes N.; Long. $84^{\circ} 27'$ minutes W.
150 feet above low water mark in the Ohio.

BY JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

December, 1850.

Day of M.	Fahr's thermometer			Barom.	Wind.			Weather	Clearness	Rain
	Min.	Max.	Mean		A. M.	P. M.	Force			
1	38	57	49.8	29.114	s w	south	1	var'ble	5	.33
2	47	65	59.2	29.042	south	south	1	var'ble	5	
3	38	60	45.3	29.139	s w	west	3	var'ble	5	
4	34	43	37.3	29.408	n e	n e	2	cloudy	0	.88
5	32	36	33.2	29.460	north	north	2	cloudy	0	.51
6	29	34	31.0	29.409	n e	n e	2	cloudy	0	.40
7	24	31	25.0	28.981	north	n w	3	cloudy	0	.05
8	11	23	19.8	29.504	n w	west	2	clear	10	
9	26	36	30.5	29.208	west	west	2	var'ble	2	
10	23	32	30.2	29.444	west	west	2	fair	6	
11	32	52	39.2	29.336	east	east	1	fair	9	
12	37	52	40.5	29.256	east	east	1	var'ble	1	
13	24	34	27.8	29.662	north	north	1	fair	9	
14	23	36	33.3	29.436	s e	south	1	var'ble	1	
15	37	40	39.5	29.420	west	west	1	cloudy	0	.94
16	37	42	38.8	28.749	west	n w	1	cloudy	0	.48
17	30	42	33.7	29.492	north	north	1	fair	9	
18	25	46	41.0	29.410	west	west	1	fair	6	
19	41	50	43.3	29.168	s w	west	3	cloudy	0	
20	32	42	35.5	29.428	west	west	2	cloudy	0	
21	32	43	36.2	29.342	west	west	1	fair	7	.27
22	34	38	34.8	28.850	west	n w	1	cloudy	0	1.93
23	28	36	28.7	29.130	west	west	2	cloudy	0	
24	14	33	26.3	29.738	north	north	1	clear	9	
25	30	41	33.3	29.472	north	n w	1	var'ble	2	.03
26	26	38	31.0	29.273	west	n w	1	clear	10	
27	24	42	35.3	29.299	east	east	1	fair	6	
28	36	41	36.7	28.776	east	east	1	cloudy	0	.35
29	25	34	27.0	29.379	west	n w	1	var'ble	2	
30	16	29	23.8	29.681	north	n e	1	fair	8	
31	22	32	24.8	29.542	n e	north	1	var'ble	1	.05

EXPLANATION.—The first column contains the day of the month; the second, the minimum or least height of the thermometer, during the twenty-four hours, beginning with the dawn of each day; the third, the maximum of the greatest height during the same period; the fourth, the mean or average temperature of the day, reckoning from sunrise to sunrise; the fifth, the mean height of the barometer, corrected for capillarity, and reduced to the temperature of freezing water. In estimating the force of the wind, 0 denotes calm, 1 a gentle breeze, 2 a strong breeze, 3 a light wind, 4 a strong blow, and 5 a storm. In estimating the clearness of the sky, it denotes entire clearness, or that which is nearly so, and the other figures, from 0 to 10, the corresponding proportionate clearness. The other columns need no explanation.

SUMMARY—		
Least height of	Thermometer,	11°
Greatest height of	"	65°
Monthly range of	"	54°
Least daily variation of	"	3°
Greatest daily variation of	"	22°
Mean temperature of month,	"	34°6
" " at sunrise,	"	29°2
" " at 2 P. M.,	"	40°6
Coldest day, Dec. 8th.		

Mean temperature of coldest day, 19°8
Warmest day, Dec. 21, 59°2
Mean temperature of warmest day, 59°2
Minimum height of Barometer, 28.621 inches.
Maximum " " 29.738 "
Range of " " 1.117 "
Mean " " 29.3244 "
Number of days of rain and snow, 13.
Perpendicular depth of rain and melted snow, 6.22 inches.
Perpendicular depth of unmelted snow, 4.1 inches.
WEATHER.—Clear and fair 11 days; variable 9 days; cloudy 11 days.
WINDS.—N., 6 days; N. E., 3 days; E., 4 days; S., E., ½ day; S., 2 days; S. W., 1½ days; W., 10½ days; N. W., 3½ days.
MEMORANDA.—1st, 2d and 3d, pleasant and variable; rain night of the 2d; 4th to 7th, rain, sleet and snow; 8th to 10th, clear, fair and cold; 11th and 12th, warm; 15th and 16th, wet and gloomy; 17th and 18th, fair and pleasant; 21st, rain better part of the night, and nearly all day of 22d, then snowed from 6 P. M., during the night; light snow on the 25th and 31st.

OBSERVATIONS.—The mean temperature of this month is 3 degrees higher than that of the same month in 1849, and 1 degree higher than the mean temperature of December for the last 16 years.

The mean temperature of the first half of the month was 3 degrees higher than that of the last half, although some of the coldest weather occurred in the first half.

The amount of rain and melted snow was nearly two inches greater than the average for the same month for the last 16 years.

A Model School.

School of seventy scholars in one room under the care of two teachers, sisters, one of the teachers occupying a recitation room. The first appearance of the school shows order, system, interest, life, and delight in study. Classes in reading had made astonishing improvement since last summer, surpassing any reading I have heard in the county. In every exercise there was zeal, animation, attention and promptness; the minds of the scholars being in complete communication with the teachers. A few bright scholars did not answer all the questions to give credit to the school, but all the scholars, even the dullest, were wide awake, as indicated by their bright sparkling eyes, electrified countenances, animated voices, and prompt answers, appearing as much better than ordinary scholars as a company of well disciplined soldiers than raw militia or street loafers. The school had a good name, and I resolved on visiting it, to scrutinize closely, and not praise because others did. I was, however, satisfied the teachers had not trained their scholars merely for show and display, but there had evidently been on the part of the teachers thorough drilling, untiring perseverance that never gives up until a thing is done as it should be; combined with zeal, tact, and judgment, such as few teachers possess. The credit of the school does not belong to the teachers alone, but to teachers, parents, and scholars, and to the efficient committee men, who seem as devoted to the school as a chivalrous knight to his lady love. There may be many teachers equally good in the county, whose scholars do not appear half so well, and these same teachers could no more accomplish what they have done here, in ordinary, stupid districts, than a goldsmith could manufacture a patent lever watch in a common blacksmith's shop.

HOW COAL WAS MADE.

Geology has proved that, at one period, there existed an enormously abundant land vegetation; the ruins or rubbish of which, carried into seas, and there sunk to the bottom, and afterward covered over by sand and mud beds, became the substance which we now recognise as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal, both for warming our dwellings and for various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated. It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have so completely changed their apparent character, and become black. But this can be explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding when we recall the familiar fact, that damp hay, thrown closely into a heap, gives out heat, and becomes of a dark color.

When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to a great pressure, a bituminous fermentation is produced, and the result is the mineral coal, which is of various characters, according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand, clay, or other earthy impurities. On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in coal, the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin, transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fiber and cells very plainly.

From the distinct isolated specimens found in the sandstones amid the coal beds may be discovered the nature of the plants of this era. They are almost all of a simple cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms (horse tails, club mosses, and fens,) but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct. The vegetation generally is such as now grows in clusters of tropical islands; but it must have been the result of a high temperature, obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are found in the temperate, and even the polar regions.

The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth, originally an incandescent or highly heated mass, was gradually cooled down, until in the Carboniferous period it fostered a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison. The high and uniform temperature, combined with greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the manufacture, could not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but would also create dense vapors, showers and rains; and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations, and deltas. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood in estuaries, would arise from this high temperature; and every circumstance connected with the coal measures points to such conditions.—*Chamber's Magazine.*

CURIOSITIES OF SOUND.

Sound is propagated by vibrations or undulations of air, and moves with the velocity 1130 feet a second, either with the wind or against it. These vibrations are so short or minute that they give no motion to the flame of the candle. The tone of note is higher or lower, as the rapidity of the vibrations is greater or less, the lowest note yet sounded and determined having about sixteen undulations or vibrations in a second.

It is owing to the sympathetic communications of vibrations, says Herschel, that persons with a clear and powerful voice, have been able to break a glass tumbler by singing close to its fundamental note. We have heard of a case where a person broke no less than twenty large glasses in succession. The sympathy of vibrations, or tendency of one vibrating body to throw another into the very same state of vibration, shows itself remarkable in the case of the running of two clocks set going on the same shelf or wall. It was known near a century ago, that two clocks set going on the same shelf will affect each other. The pendulum of the one will stop that of the other, and the pendulum of the clock which is stopped, after a certain time will resume its vibrations, and, in its turn, stop that of the other clock. Mr. John Elliot, who first observed these effects, noticed that two clocks which varied from each other ninety-six seconds a day, agreed to a second several days when they were placed on the same rail. The lowest of these two clocks, which had a slower pendulum, set the other in motion in sixteen minutes and a half. These effects are clearly produced by the vibrations communicated from one pendulum to the other, through the shelf, rail or plank on which they both rest. It has been found that two conflicting sounds produce silence, as two conflicting rays of light produce darkness.

— The *Hong Kong Register* publishes, under the title of "Suggestions to Missionaries," a very strange project, which consists in arranging the distribution of small publications of the Bible Society, and other religious tracts, over the whole surface of China, by means of balloons. Upon a calculation made of the weight of the tracts, each balloon could carry two thousand, which might be allowed to fall one by one, and at short intervals. Thus, the word of God would fall literally like a refreshing shower over the incredible "Flowery Land."

A CALIFORNIA SCHOOL.—The first public school in San Francisco already numbers 150 pupils, from 4 to 16 years of age. Of this whole number, only two were born in California, the remainder date their birth places as follows:—Scotland 4, England 5, Ireland 5, Germany 11, France 1, Chili 20, Peru 1, Australia 20, New Zealand 15, Sandwich Islands 3—making 76 born in foreign countries. Seventy-five are of American parentage, 12 Scotch, 21 English, 18 Irish, 4 French, 5 German, 4 Chilian, 1 Spanish.

MYSTERIES OF CAKE BAKING.

Patterson's Messenger contains the following revelation under its police head. Theodore Harper, a young journeyman confectioner, complained before the Mayor, that his employer, Aaron F. Hughes, struck him over the head with a tin ladle, and otherwise maltreated him, without any just cause or provocation. Hughes, the master confectioner, admitted the assault, but alleged that Harper had merited the chastisement by a shameful waste of his employer's property.

"I set him to mixing sponge cake," said Mr. Hughes, "and out of six dozen eggs I allowed him to put in, he threw away two dozen and a half."

Harper. The eggs were clean spoiled—you must have smelled 'em from the State House to Girard College.

Hughes. It's no-such-a-thing. The eggs wasn't damaged—none to hurt. As for the smell, that's nothing, the seasoning of the cake will kill that. As long as the egg hasn't got a chicken in it, it will pass. Every confectioner will tell you the same thing.

Harper. I happen to know better than that; I've worked for bosses that wouldn't put in an egg unless it smelled as sweet as a rose.

Hughes. Bosses! bah!—boiches, you mean. The more sour eggs there is in a batch, the more the cake is liked. The ladies say it has a much finer flavor. I tried once how it would go with all stale eggs, and the way that that cake took was amazing. The further an egg is gone the richer it is; but when it comes to chickens, that's not so well.

Mayor. How so?

Hughes. Why you see, chickens won't work up; they won't mix; the dough would be lumpy like, and that wouldn't look so nice. The folks might take it for chicken pie. He! he! he!

Nobody joined in the merriment of Mr. Hughes; the audience was too much horrified to laugh. An officer, who had been detained away from his breakfast, and was munching a piece of fancy cake to temporize with his appetite, was observed to throw the delicate morsel to a dog under the clerk's desk. The pleading of Mr. Hughes in favor of stale eggs, did not make a very favorable impression on the court. He was ordered to find bail for his appearance to answer for an aggravated assault on the conscientious Harper, whose integrity of principle and discriminating olfactories had procured him the ill will of his employer.

— A boy who was troubled with the tooth ache determined to have the old offender extracted; but there being no dentist living near, he resolved to do the job himself; whereupon he filled the excavation with powder, but being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow match to it, set it on and fire, then *run*.

SMART BOY.—A youngster who had commenced the study of natural philosophy, was one day asked to mention the properties of heat, to which he replied—

"The chief property of heat is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them."

"Very good. Can you give me a familiar example?"

"Yes, sir. In summer, when it is hot, the day is long; while in winter, when the day is cold, it becomes very short!"

In some parts of Maryland, the corn grows so short that the farmers have to get down on their knees to pull it. Several years ago, Mr. Corwin, in company with a friend, was passing through the most sterile region of the Western shore. Seeing a man on his knees in a field near the road, they accosted him and inquired what he was doing. He answered that he was pulling corn.

'Ah, I see,' said Mr. Corwin in a tone of apology and commiseration, 'you must be very poor indeed.'

'Not so very poor as you might imagine,' replied the farmer, rising to his feet and surveying the short crop around him, 'I don't own all this land.'

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If you shall succeed as well in *part second* as in *part first*, the book will be welcomed by many instructors.

(Signed)

J. H. FAIRCHILD.

January 5, 1849.

From P. CARTER, Professor of Mathematics, etc., in Granville College.

I have examined, with much interest, the copy of Ray's Algebra presented to me by your politeness. As an elementary work for beginners, and especially for younger pupils, I consider it as one of the best with which I am acquainted. Like all the elementary works of Professor Ray, it is distinguished for its simplicity, clearness, and precision and furnishes an excellent introduction to the larger and more difficult works of this beautiful science.

(Signed)

P. CARTER.

February 24, 1849.

Extract from a communication furnished for the "School Friend", by an accomplished teacher in the "CINCINNATI CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL", in which Ray's Algebra is used.

"It is but a few months since this book was issued from the press, and although we are acquainted with a dozen other Algebras of similar pretensions, and no mean value, yet from the examination of no one of them have we risen with so much pleasure and satisfaction, as from the examination of this." * * * "In graduating the plan of his work, the author has shown great care and ingenuity, and in its execution, has manifested a familiarity with the wants and difficulties of young students, and a tact in obviating them, which has rarely been equaled. The principles are briefly stated, then illustrated and impressed on the mind by a numerous and choice selection of examples. All portions of the work bear ample testimony to the truth of a remark in the preface, that every page was carefully elaborated by many years of toil in the school-room. The statement and illustrations of the principles indicate that the ignorance and misapprehensions of the pupil were met and fathomed by a keen and watchful eye in the teacher, and the proper remedies applied and that these remedies were tested by repeated trials through a long and systematic course of teaching, and finally recorded for the use of students yet to be."

From MR. GREEN, of the English and Classical Academy, Madison.

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October 16, 1848.

From MR. ZACHOS, Professor of Mathematics in Dr. Colton's Academy.

I have examined Ray's Elementary Algebra, and the best recommendation I can give it, is the fact that I have adopted it in my younger classes.

(Signed)

J. C. ZACHOS.

September 23, 1848.

From B. C. HOBBS, Superintendent of Friends' Boarding School, Richmond.

I consider Ray's Algebra, Part First, worthy of a place in every school. The author has fallen upon an ingenious method of securing a mental preparation, before the more difficult exercises of the slate are required. The work is clear and comprehensive, and a selection of superior formulae has been made for the solution of difficult problems. Could an objection be made to the work, it would be, that the subject is too much simplified. The cheapness of the work brings it within the means of every one.

(Signed)

B. C. HOBBS.

Ninth Month, 20, 1848.

From MR. S. FINDLEY, Principal of Chillicothe Academy.

After a careful examination of Ray's Algebra, Part First, I cheerfully recommend it as one of the best treatises in that department of science now extant. In its enunciation of rules it is concise and clear; in its demonstrations it is simple and philosophical; and its examples are numerous and varied: so that, in every respect, it excels as a theoretical and practical text-book for beginners, and as such is now in use in the Chillicothe Academy.

(Signed)

SAM'L FINDLEY.

February 26, 1849.

From MR. HOOKER, Teacher at Mount Carmel, Ohio.

Professor Ray—Respected sir: I have, for some time past, been examining your elementary work on Algebra; and can truly say, that, as a *primary* work, it is better suited (according to my opinion) for general use in schools, than any similar work with which I am acquainted. The transition from arithmetic to our primary works on algebra, is, generally, too great; and unless scholars have a "natural tact" for mathematics, their knowledge of numbers generally stops with arithmetic, as few have the courage to undertake to master a theoretical treatise on algebra. * * * I am glad to see you have made the change from arithmetic so gradual, and, at the same time so interesting. I have no doubt but your work will take precedence of all elementary treatises now in use in the Western States.

(Signed)

J. J. HOOKER.

February 28, 1849.

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The following is the Report of the Committee on Text Books to the Board of Directors, [May 1, 1849.]
"That they have examined Ray's Algebra, Part First, and find it to be the cheapest and the best elementary work on the science of Algebra that they have used, or that has come under their inspection. It is of a higher order than most elementary works, and at the same time, it is very simple, commencing with seventeen pages of intellectual exercises, which serve as a connecting link between Arithmetic and Algebra. The whole work appears to be what the author says it is.—The result of much reflection, and the experience of many years in the school-room." The committee, therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That Ray's Algebra, Part First, be adopted as a Text Book in the Common Schools of Cincinnati.

WM. PHILLIPS, JR.,

S. MOLLITER,

C. DAVENPORT.

A. L. BUSHNELL,

Committee on Text Books."

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